

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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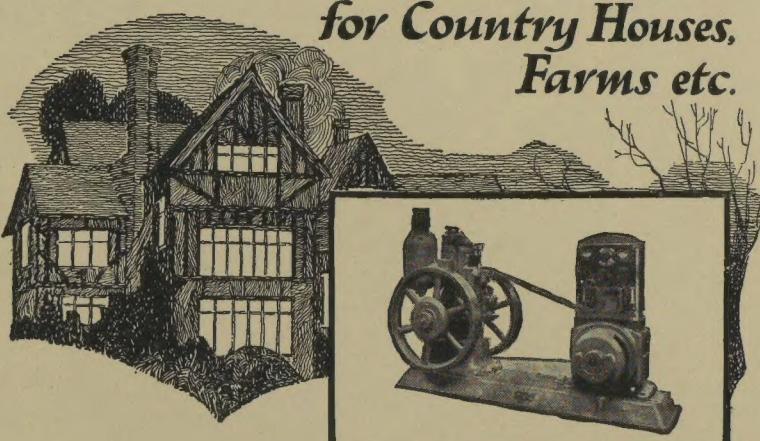
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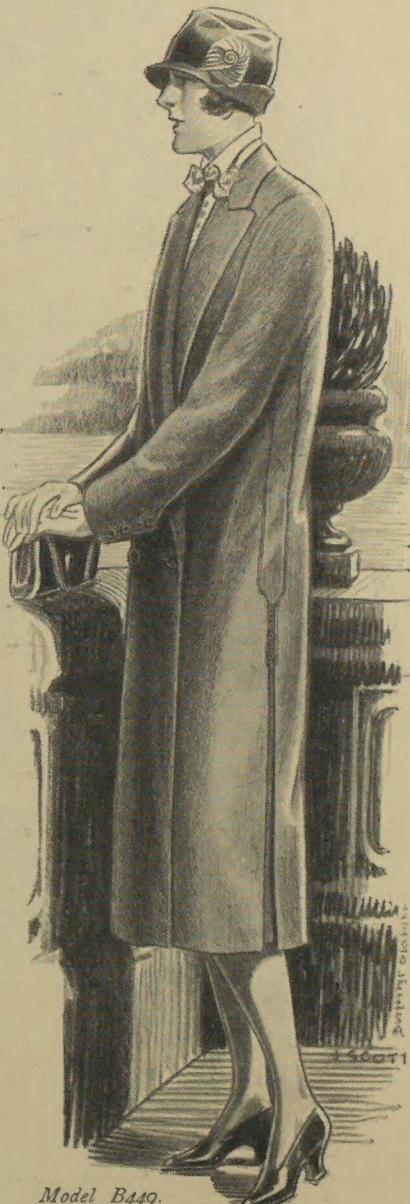
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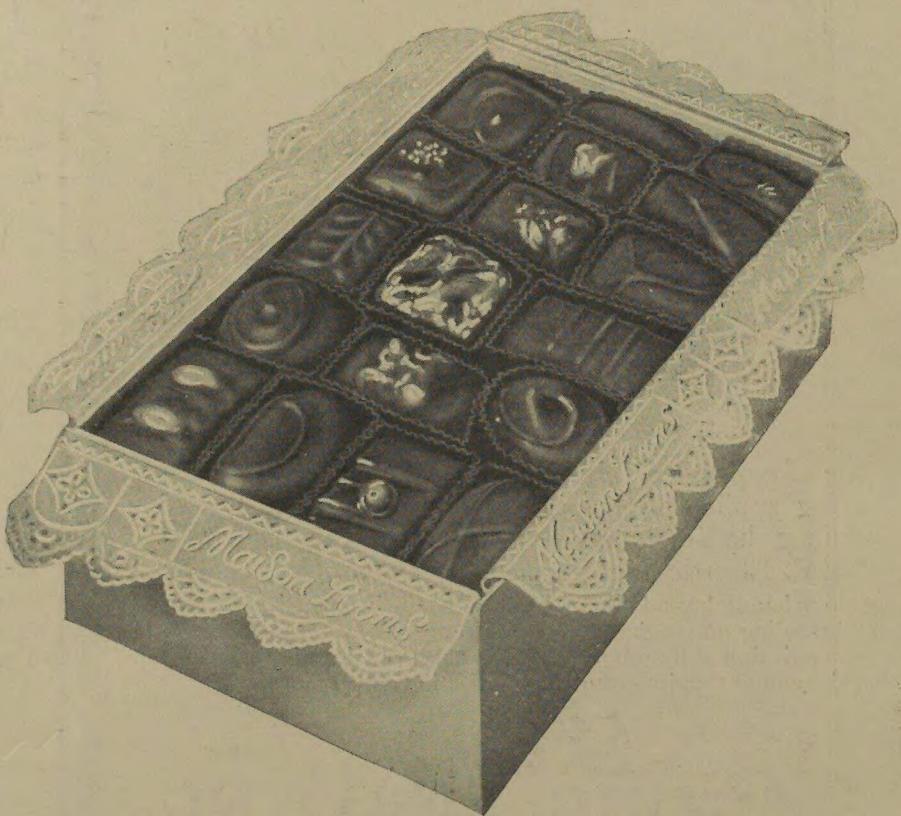
No. III
“NELL GWYNN”
By Sir Peter Lely
(1618-1680)

The story of the orange-seller of Old Drury who attracted the attentions of the Merry Monarch is too well known for repetition. She was born in 1650, and died at the early age of thirty-seven. This picture is in the National Portrait Gallery, London

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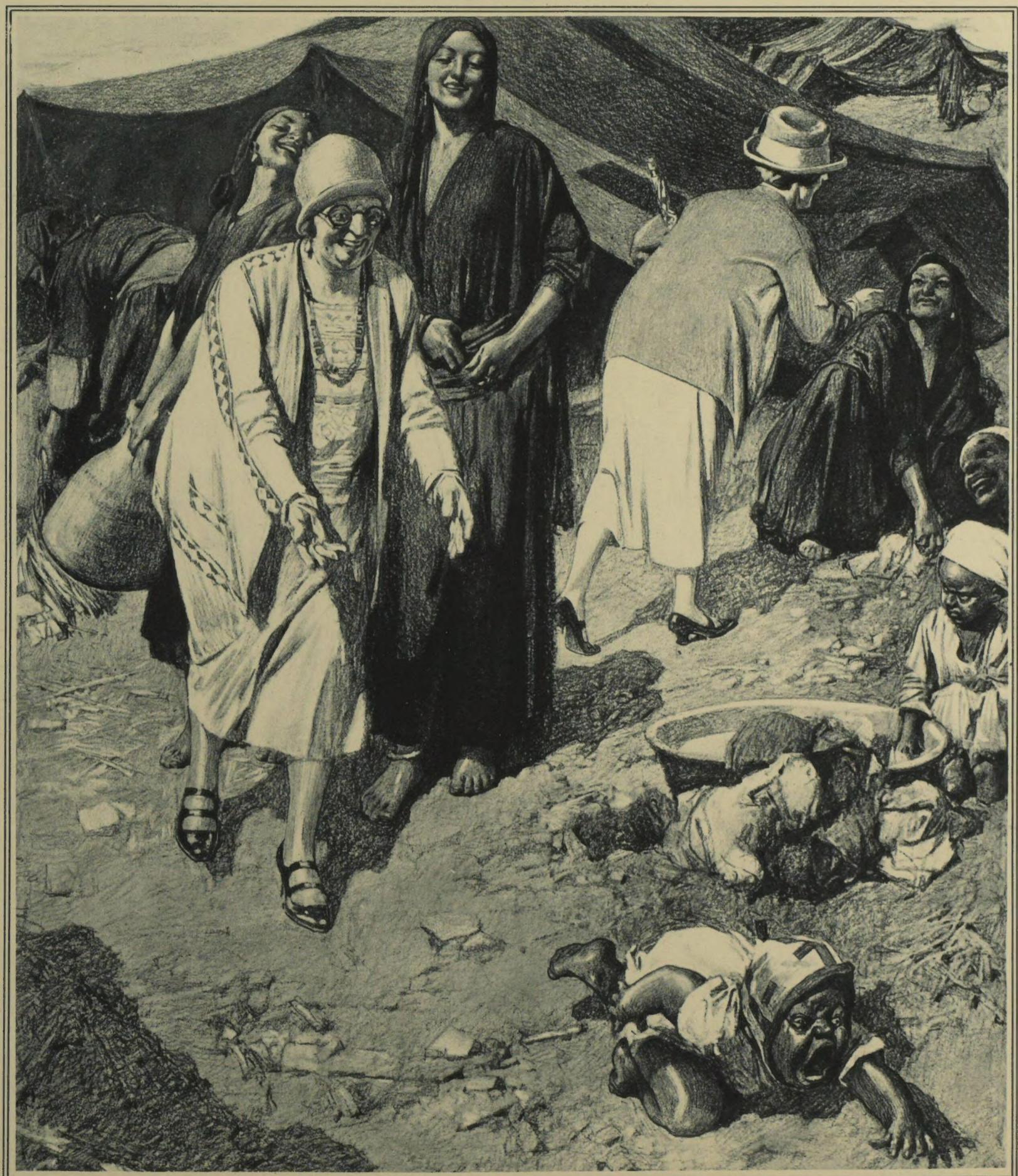
THE VALUE IS IN THE CHOCOLATES NOT THE BOX

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1926.

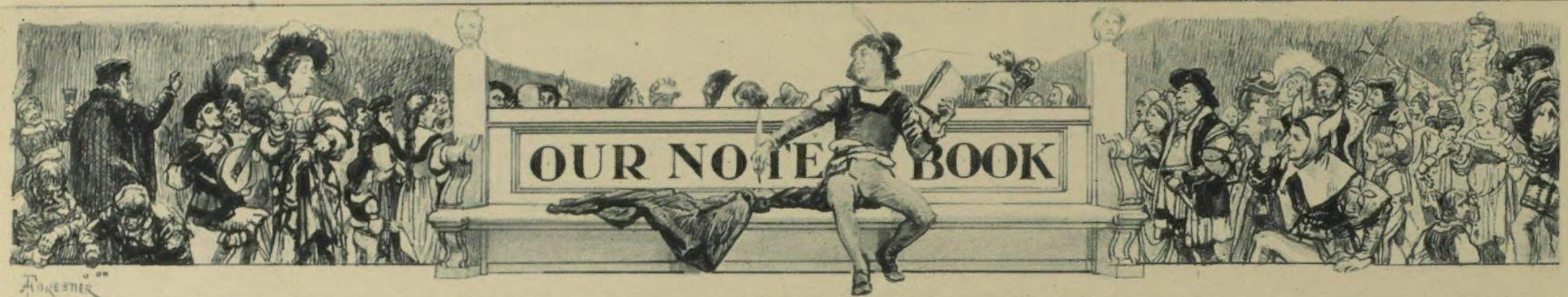
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TYPES OF EGYPT'S RECORD INFLUX OF TOURISTS ATTRACTED BY TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB : "DISTRICT VISITORS."

Egypt has enjoyed a record season, the number of tourists being about double that of the previous season, which, owing to the attraction of Tutankhamen's Tomb, had been the best for twenty-five years. It was estimated that by the end of the present season the total of visitors would reach 20,000. Last season it was 10,000. Up to the end of March this year some 16,000 people had arrived, of whom 13,000 were Americans. Upper Egypt as well as Cairo

has benefited. Whereas last season 5000 people went up the Nile to Luxor, this season there have already been 6800. In a note on his drawing, Mr. Reginald Cleaver says: "Be the natives sufficiently picturesque, tourists have a passion for getting into touch with them, for rummaging among their dwellings, showing their good intentions with hand-shakes, admiring the youngsters, 'donating' in cash or in kind—in short, for 'District Visiting.'"



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I BELIEVE the world is at this moment in a most amazing state. I need not say that when I say the world, I mean that very minute and probably insignificant corner of the world which forms the educated society of which you and I are the sparkling ornaments. The great part of the world, which consists chiefly of peasants (and probably of Chinese peasants) is quite different and may be relatively quite sane. But the world we know is in a strange state, even as compared with the world when first we knew it. Fifty years ago, twenty years ago, even ten years ago, a number of things existed of which the names still exist, but the things have totally disappeared. But the change I mean is something much too intimate to be concerned with institutions. It is concerned with the ideas that are behind institutions—or rather, it is concerned with the absence of any ideas behind anything.

I believe a new and enormous number of people now have no opinions at all. Some have open minds; some have empty minds; but few have the positive and partisan opinions that prevailed in my boyhood. A few have convictions—indeed, there is some reasonable hope that the passing of opinions may be the coming of convictions. But most people have not yet got the convictions and have already lost the opinions. Often the opinions were little more than badges tied on like rosettes on Boat-Race Day; but even on Boat-Race Day it would be disconcerting to see a whole crowd of men who had lost their badges and forgotten their favourite colour. Indeed, the Boat-Race is a very fair parallel to the Party System, and that not only in its unreality but also in its reality. In both cases a great mass of people really have no opinion of their own. But, though what is called their opinion is at best a tradition, still it is the tradition of an opinion. There really are people who prefer Oxford to Cambridge; there really are seers and sages who believe they can predict which will win.

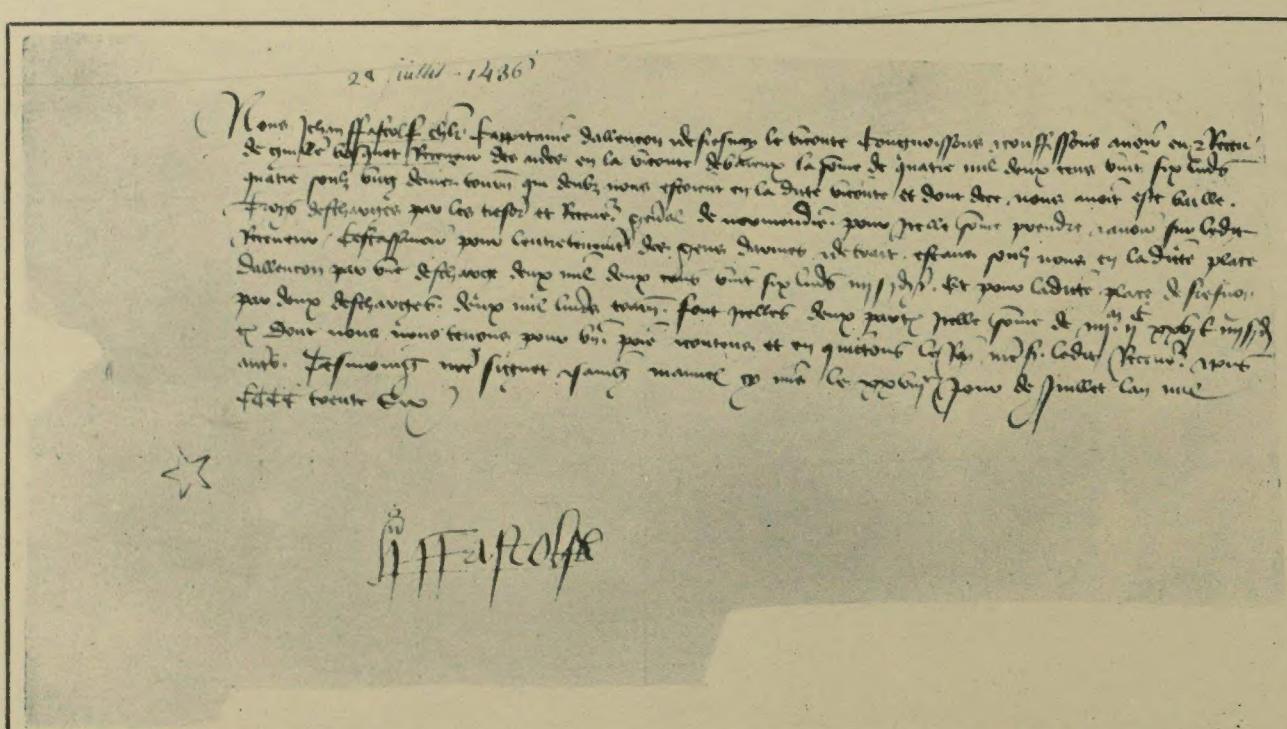
So Oxford and Cambridge are different types of English education for the gentry; but there is a difference, and it might be a difference of opinion. A Whig of the type of Macaulay does obviously belong to Cambridge; a Tory of the type of Newman to Oxford. When, however, we see an errand-boy hanging on behind a cart on Boat-Race Day, emblazoned with rosettes or loud with slogans, we shall err if we suppose him entirely moved by the Oxford Movement if his rosette is dark, or steeped in the Cambridge Modern History if it is light. We shall be mistaken in supposing that the clerk on a holiday, covered with streamers of the colour of Cambridge, is saying proudly to himself (in the words of Macaulay) that Cambridge had the privilege of educating those whom Oxford had the privilege of burning. We shall be mistaken if we suppose that the hearty sporting gentleman in the light overcoat who is so loudly backing Oxford regards it tenderly as the home of

lost causes. There is, or was, a real difference involved; but most of the people engaged in the dispute do not know the difference. It is not so much that it is about nothing, but rather that they know nothing about it.

And as it was with the Whig and Tory Universities, so it was with the Whigs and Tories. Right at the back of the whole business there had once been an intelligible and intelligent argument between two types of the English aristocracy in the seventeenth century. That ramified outwards in a hundred ways, in schools and systems and symbols and social festivals, until the fringe of it was the ribboned rosette of the errand-boy or the pink special edition of the tipster. Probably the outer ring kept up the tradition long after the inner ring had forgotten the true division. But there had been a true division. In a governing class that continued to inherit and hand on most of the wealth in the country, there was really one sort of man who thought mostly about inheriting

doubtless, it is a good thing. But there is a further difficulty which I do not think is very well understood. Not only have men lost their opinions, but many of them seem to have lost the power of forming opinions. They have seen all there is to be seen of the last stages of beliefs; but they do not seem even able to imagine what the beginning of a belief would be like. They seem to think there is something archaic and antediluvian about those first acts of the mind, by which it opens the open question of the world. It seems a mere mad negation to start from scratch. It seems a barbaric fantasy to begin at the beginning. They no more employ first principles than flint arrows, and regard the first proposition of Euclid as a palaeolithic drawing on a rock. They would almost as soon rebuild all our elaborate and toppling cities of civilisation all over again, from their first foundations, as really dig up one of their own reasons for one of their own opinions.

Easter, which is the spiritual New Year, should be a time for the understanding of new thoughts and the making of new things. The representatives of the rising generation can give us any number of negative reasons for not observing certain forms or traditions. They do not seem to see that it is their business as artists to create forms. They will not realise that it is their business as builders to found traditions. If the old conventions have really come to an end, the others have to do something much more difficult; they have to come to a beginning. I doubt if they have any clear idea about how to come to a beginning. They do not understand that positive creations are founded on positive creeds.



SIGNED BY THE HISTORICAL ORIGINAL OF SHAKESPEARE'S FALSTAFF: A RECEIPT DATED JULY 28, 1436, FROM THE CHEVALIER JEAN FASTOLF, INCLUDED IN A SALE AT SOTHEBY'S.

This document was included in a sale at Sotheby's on March 29. A note on it in the catalogue reads: "Fastolf (Sir John). Document s. on vellum, 1 page oblong 8vo., 28th July, 1436, acknowledging the receipt of £4226 4s. 1d. tournois from 'Guillaume Bosquet, Receveur des aides en la viconte de Baieux,' £2000 for Fresnay, and the balance for Alençon. Fastolf is described as 'Jehan' Fastolf Chevalier Capitaine d'Alençon, et de Fresnay vicomte de Baieux.' [sic] Sir John Fastolf, the warrior and landowner, b. 1378 (?), d. 1459, is the character portrayed by Shakespeare."—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.]

it, and another who thought mostly about handing it on. The thoughts of one were pinned to loyalty and the past; the thoughts of the other to progress and the future. Both, of course, were excellent reasons for not breaking the entail. After these aristocrats came a crowd of vassals and partisans, and after them a vast mob of hangers-on wearing rosettes and going to see the Boat-Race.

Now when I say people have lost their opinions, I mean this: that the outer ring has discovered that the inner ring is indifferent; or, possibly, that the inner ring does not exist. The individuals inside are thinking as individuals. The mob outside are ceasing to think as mobs; certainly ceasing to think as armies. The man in the know only knows that he knows nothing. He is no longer certain either that progress is a good thing or that tradition is a good thing. And the man outside has fallen into a confusion like that of a reveller on Boat-Race Day, who should have reached the stage of saying (in answer to constabulary questions) that he had always been Oxbridge or Camford.

In some ways it may well be said that this blank state of mind is a better thing than the bigotries and blatant slanders of the past. And up to a point,

To touch but lightly upon the great mystery that is most involved in the idea of Easter, we have seen lately a lively curiosity revolving round the ancient idea of the return of the dead. Perhaps it should rather be called the great and glorious doubt about whether the dead are dead. When that doubt came to trouble a generation of materialists, it naturally turned many of them into spiritualists. The spiritualist is nearly always a converted materialist. He is seldom or never a natural mystic. For most of these men it was enough of a revelation that any light of any sort gleamed through the cracks of the door of death, which they had assumed to be the blank wall at the end of a blind alley. The result on the mass of their sympathisers or semi-sympathisers was something very like what I have suggested as the attitude of the man staring with a blank face at the blue rosette. It is not so much the condition of having discovered something as of being ready for anything. It is not so much that most modern people have found a faith to set against the materialists as simply that they have lost faith in materialism. The sceptic is sure of nothing now, not even of his five senses. It is not so much a new vision as a new void to be filled with visions; and this is no place in which to argue about what the visions shall be.

WHERE TUTANKHAMEN ATTRACTS TOURISTS TO EGYPT: LUXOR.

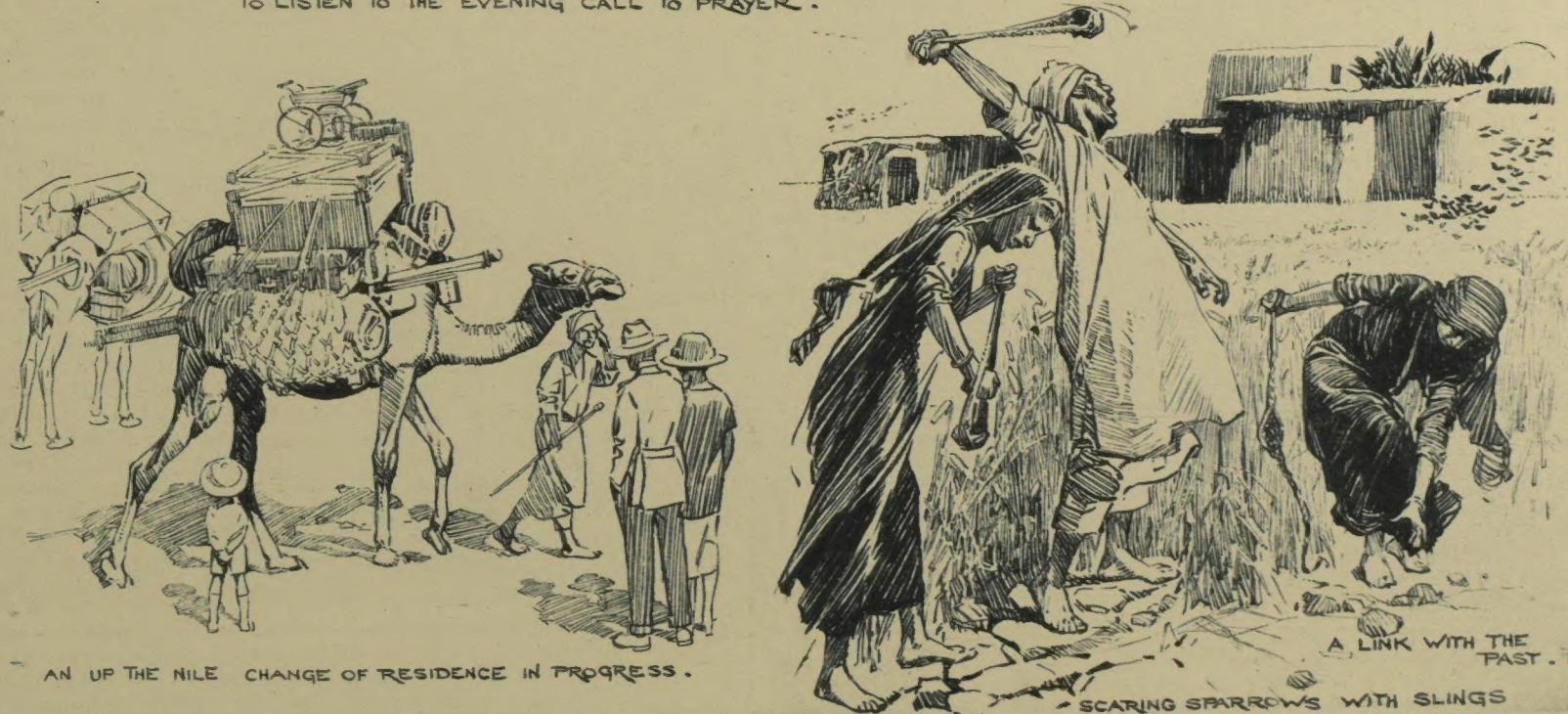
DRAWINGS BY REGINALD CLEAVER.

GHOSTS, EVIL SPIRITS, DEVILS, ARE A TERROR
TO THE EGYPTIAN; AND A LOCAL GUIDE MAY
BAR MOONLIGHT WALKS IN
REPORTED HAUNTED AREAS.

"YOU WANT PHOTOGRAPH
ME? ISS TWO PENCE"



LISTENING "OUT" — TOURISTS ARE WONT TO ASSEMBLE WITHIN EARSHOT OF THE MINARET OF THE LUXOR MOSQUE
TO LISTEN TO THE EVENING "CALL TO PRAYER".



AN UP THE NILE CHANGE OF RESIDENCE IN PROGRESS.

A LINK WITH THE PAST.

SCARING SPARROWS WITH SLINGS

TOURIST DAYS AND ANCIENT WAYS ON THE NILE: SKETCHES AT LUXOR, THE CENTRE FOR TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

As noted on our front page, Tutankhamen's Tomb has attracted a record number of tourists to Egypt. "A charm of Upper Egypt," writes Mr. Reginald Cleaver in a note on his sketches, "is that manners and customs may date from centuries B.C. A peasant and his offspring scaring sparrows from his corn with the sling—using lumps of sun-baked mud, that crumble on impact, instead of the stone—and wielding the weapon with the precision of David, affords a case in point."

By way of contrast, a native imp will be up to date enough to require payment in advance for your snapshot of her. But this jumble of impressions is inevitable where a 300-bed hotel is dumped down in the whereabouts of the authenticated devils of local folk-lore, and 5000-year-old facts. Both tourist and peasant become equally impressionable—the one by things psychic and sentimental, the other by hard cash."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE HEART OF THE FLORIDA "LAND BOOM": MIAMI—CAPITAL OF THE NEW AMERICAN "RIVIERA."



TYPICAL OF THE GREAT BUILDINGS THAT HAVE SPRUNG UP IN FLORIDA DURING THE GREAT "BOOM": THE FLAMINGO HOTEL AT MIAMI BEACH.



ONE OF SIX POLO FIELDS IN THE MIAMI DISTRICT OF FLORIDA, WHICH ATTRACT THE CRACK PLAYERS OF AMERICA: NAUTILUS FIELD AT MIAMI BEACH, SHOWING A PAST GAME IN PROGRESS.



"CONSTRUCTED OF REINFORCED CONCRETE 'BULKHEADING' FILLED WITH SAND PUMPED UP FROM THE SEA-BOTTOM, AND COVERED WITH EARTH AND BUILDINGS": ONE OF MANY NEW ARTIFICIAL ISLANDS NEAR MIAMI.



WHERE MODERN "PALACES" HAVE BEEN ADORNED WITH IRON GRILLWORK, TILES, AND POTTERY FROM SPAIN AND ITALY: IN THE NEW GARDEN CITY OF CORAL GABLES.



LESS MODERNISED THAN VENICE ITSELF, WHERE SOME ARE NOW PROPELLED BY MOTOR: GONDOLAS OF THE OLD ROMANTIC TYPE IN THE BAY OF BISCAYNE, FLORIDA.



A SCENE OF FREQUENT AQUATIC CARNIVALS: THE BEAUTIFUL VENETIAN POOL—A PIECE OF ARTIFICIAL WATER IN CORAL GABLES, THE NEW GARDEN CITY THAT HAS SPRUNG UP WITH EXTRAORDINARY RAPIDITY A FEW MILES FROM MIAMI.

The great "land boom" in Florida, which has led to the rapid growth of a new American "Riviera," has already been illustrated in our pages, by drawings given in the issue for January 2. Here we give some interesting photographs showing the great developments at and near Miami, the principal townsend in "Country Life" (New York), "is a hustling, thriving city which, although only founded in 1896, is rapidly nearing 100,000 population. . . . Coral Gables, (a new Garden City) is really extraordinary—a great vision in town-planning. A few years ago it was a mangrove jungle, but far-sightedness has created a magic city from almost nothing. To-day Coral Gables boasts a large modern hotel, a lovely casino with a really beautiful Venetian swimming-pool, apartment houses, shops, and countless homes. The architects, taking advantage of the climate, have allowed themselves free rein in the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

use of colour, and the result is lovely . . . with a background of tropical foliage and an azure sky." A British account of Miami, "the wonder city of the south," was given recently in the "Nineteenth Century" by Mr. Francis McCullagh, who among other things describes the many artificial islands "constructed of reinforced concrete 'bulkheading,' filled with sand pumped up from the sea bottom by dredgers and then covered with earth and buildings. . . . I could not help thinking (he adds) that there are infinitely better islands belonging to Canada and Australasia which are practically uninhabited, and that, to attract colonists to them, the immigration agents might do worse than copy some of the methods of Florida." It may be added that another British Dominion—South Africa—is now beginning to enjoy a "boom" which is in some respects analogous to that of Florida, in the sense that it is attracting more and more people to seek the genial climate of the South both for holidays and for permanent residence.

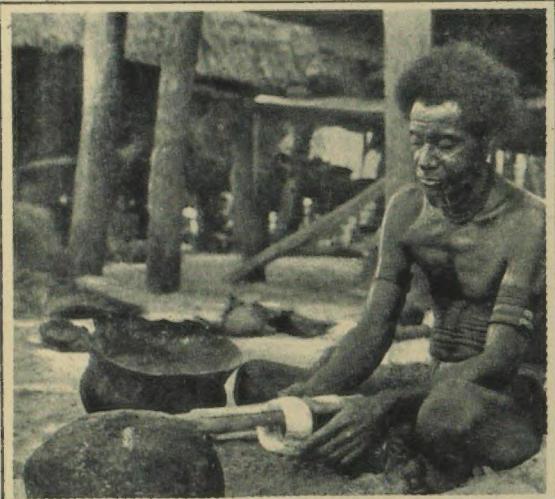
II. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS.

of the Island that was Speared: The Mailu.

"IN UNKNOWN NEW GUINEA." By W. J. V. SAVILLE.*

THE love-sick boy chanting beneath the boughs at "midday-sorry-for-himself-time," the "Touchwood" feeling that permeates the tribal life, the countless ritual avoidances dictated by those many "things one must not do lest ill-luck befall," the fetters fashioned by custom, the clogging complications of kinship, the inherited spells, black magic and white that is well-nigh as deadly, the ever-present state-of-awe of these particular Papuan-Melanesians, dominant as they are, must not be taken to mean that the Mailu are a race of miserable Starkeys. "In spite of all his tabus, in spite of the lurking evil of the sorcerer, in spite of everything, it would be unfair to the native to think of him as going about his daily tasks with some ghost always dogging his steps. He moves as a free man because he is the willing slave of the community's conscience, and as long as he does not offend that he is care-free."

It is all a matter of habit. From the "village light" that precedes the dawn to the "eye-misty" early evening and to the night, the ancestral holds



THE WEALTH OF THE MAILU: GRINDING DOWN AN ARMSHELL—AN OLD MAN AT WORK.

Reproductions from "In Unknown New Guinea," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley Service and Co., Ltd.

sway as surely as the prevailing winds divide the year. But "second nature" is no bad thing: it ensures order and continuity of policy, and, possibly, it mitigates the machinations of the medicine-men by making the cry of "Wolf" less fearsome than it might be.

At all events, the Mailu seems contented enough; and he realises the limitations of sorrow. Does he not see to it that wailing and weeping have their light interludes? "On occasions of special grief, such as the death of a man of some note (hereditarily), a peculiar custom is performed on the day after burial with a view to try to lessen the grief. The chief actors are two married women, unrelated to the deceased or to his chief mourners. . . . The two women (*boreve avesa*—fun women), whom I choose to call 'The Follies,'" writes our author, ". . . get drums from their houses, go to the house of the deceased and beat the verandah, calling out: 'What are you sleeping for?' Beating the drums, they start dancing, in which numbers of other women join, having hastily decorated themselves and got their drums. They dance the dance the deceased was accustomed to lead. . . . The widow comes down and with her the one or more women who help her. The folly is performed to try to cheer everybody up. . . . I cannot help thinking that the performance is an attempt to call to mind in the midst of grief the future feasts, dances and celebrations in the village which the occurrence of a death does occasion eventually."

The monotony is broken. There is variety even in evil! Change is constant—in mood and, to a lesser extent, in occupation. The Mailu, in fact, has plenty to think about. His simplicity is complex.

And he is not bound by what we call education. As a child, as a youth, as an adult, he draws wisdom

not from books, but from the world's lexicon, experience. "There is little or no attempt at teaching children. They learn by observation and imitation what their elders do. . . . Girl children have to be useful in their tender years and accompany their mothers and aunts upon all their rounds of household duty. The educational goal for a Mailu Island girl is successful pot-making. No such compulsion to help is put upon the small boy. He pleases himself whether he will watch his father or uncle making string, or rope, or nets, or canoes." And, of course, he does mark and mimic. The playground is the school, and there the larger lessons of life are absorbed unconsciously; so that at the appointed seasons there is nothing strange in the work that has to be done, in observances and ordeals, or in the commonplaces of birth, marriage, life and death.

The girl turns naturally to betrothal and motherhood; the boy to marrying, to craftsmanship, to trading. The former's lot it is to labour, plant food, and carry; the latter's to protect the home and the clan—and to fight, hunt, and barter, to hew, paddle, pole or sail the canoes, to fish, and, especially, to collect *Conus Millepunctatus* for the arm-shells that are so valuable to them.

"Pottery is the biggest industry on Mailu Island. Only women and girls engage in it. The food supply of the community largely depends upon it. The Mailu-speaking people generally, and their nearer neighbours, prefer boiled food. Their own way of expressing it is: 'We like gravy.' . . . The armshell industry is a very close second, for it is closely associated with marriage and its obligations at the big ceremonial festivals, and therefore with the maintenance of the community as a social organisation. They speak of their armshells as their wealth (*babadau*), but never speak of their pottery in that way. They look upon that as their food."

Be it noted, further, that "the valuable armshells are those that will go up over a man's elbow. These are spoken of as 'man-armshells' (*egi oba*). Next to these come the 'female armshells' (*avesa oba*). They will go up over a woman's elbow, but not a man's. . . . I have known an exceptionally fine pair of these shells to fetch eighteen pounds at Port Moresby, and to-day for male armshells a Port Moresby man, I am told, will give eight, ten or twelve pounds for a pair." The most vital factor, however, is that they are exchange for pigs, the pigs so necessary to Mailu pots and for the perpetuation of ancient Mailu marriage rites and ritual that they "fetch" not only the coveted armlets, but such additional attractions as "stone axes and adzes (*va*), obsidian, dogs' teeth made up into necklaces, strings of black seed of the wild banana, sago, woven reed mats for houses, cooking-pots, black-lip shell ground down for food-preparing knives, and the same with serrated edge as coco-nut scrapers . . . foreign axes, knives, and even money."

Thus does business march with usage; and the greater of these is usage.

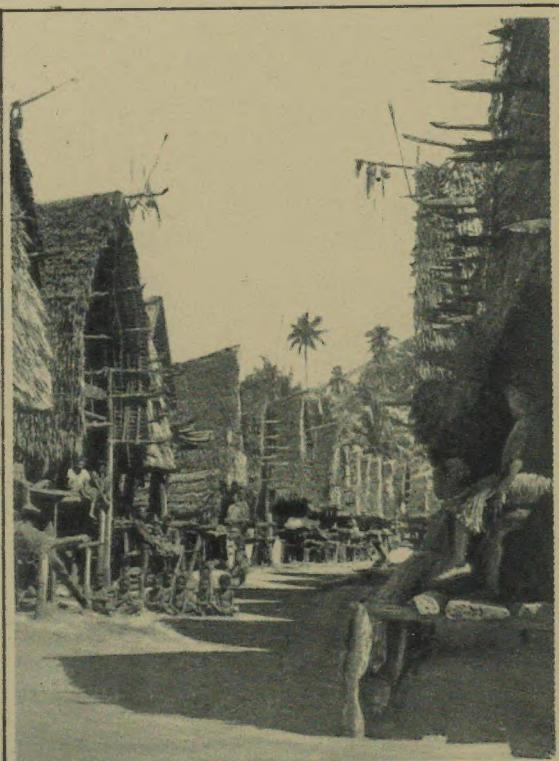
Everything is determined for the Mailu; save for the accidents of birth and calling, he exists by regulation. All that he does is a relic of the past. Fresh veneer may surface the old bases, but they do not destroy the forms.

How long this will last is another story. Meantime, there is much for the anthropologist to see and to chronicle. Mr. Saville has been looking on for five-and-twenty years, and the "Magic of Daily Contact" has conjured up before his eyes scenes and doings as strange as they are little known. Witness the mystery of house-building, with fish-spears pointing skywards to impale any spirit who may seek to give the unfinished, unthatched house a tilt; the miz-maze of clannish communion; the shady, checkered practices of witch-doctors and sorcerers; *tabus*; initiation; the *Govi Maduna*, or *Maura*, the greatest festival, "an unbroken family sequence from far generations back"; the netting of driven fish, their spearing by light of torch, their poisoning by means of juice from a vine-root; the taking of dugong while they are suckling their young; the fears that walk with the shadows and are reflected from the pools; the trees that have been magicked; the soul that can be trapped in the enchanted leaves held between the hands, made into a packet, and be carried off to be damned; the chewing of "pepper, the hottest kind of leaf, cinnamon bark, or wild ginger root, which imparts heat or power" to the malevolent wonder-worker; the singing to spellbind sand from a man's footprints and cause violent illness and death; the

intricacies of "hatches, matches, and despatches"; the rare and slight tattooing of the men—possibly only on the shoulder muscles, as sign of a man killed—and the elaborate tattooing-by-stages of all the women; clay so "offended" that it cannot be used: "Who knows but that he might eat food, unwittingly, out of a pot the clay of which had been polluted?"

Well it is, indeed, that the Mailu is "the willing slave of the community's conscience," else would he have the *toru* always before him. And that is of significance. Let Mr. Saville speak: "To give a more terrifying aspect to the warrior (and, I am tempted to suggest, to give him something other than his under lip to bite) each man had suspended round his neck, and hanging in front of his chest, the *toru*. I have seen only three different forms used, and have heard of no other. The first (*Kekemo*) consisted of a thin light piece of wood so cut out in pattern as to leave four almost complete squares at the corners, though the pattern slightly varied. The wood was covered with wax from the honeycomb, and designs were worked out in bright red and black berries stuck on to the wax. Woven string on a short bit of wood was fastened to the *Kekemo* as a mouthpiece, and when the psychological moment had come and the warrior was making a mad rush for his enemy or defiantly facing him with poised spear, he held the mouthpiece firmly between the teeth. Another form of *toru* was the white saucer-like lip of a large shell (*toru*). They are still used in the *daugi* dance, just as they were in fighting days. Holes are drilled through one part of the rim to fasten the mouthpiece to the shell. This *toru* completely covers the mouth and chin of the wearer. The third form was made from two boar tusks firmly fastened together at their bases and bound with string for the mouthpiece. When in position the white tusks encircled the cheeks and eyes of the wearer."

For the rest, it must be said that the reader will rejoice that the legendary Mailu ancestor cast his spear so well that when he and his canoe-mates at last withdrew it, it brought to the surface not a giant fish, but Mailu Island, and that Mr. Saville has lived



WITH FISH-SPEARS POINTING SKY-WARDS, THAT EVIL-DESIGNING ANCESTRAL SPIRITS MAY BE IMPALED IF THEY ATTEMPT TO INTERFERE WITH BUILDING: A MAILU VILLAGE WITH SOME OF ITS HOUSES IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

long among the people of the Island, of the mainland, and the inland. "In Unknown New Guinea" most certainly merits the praise Dr. Malinowski gives it when he writes: "The anthropologists of to-day and to-morrow will be grateful to Mr. Saville, and the general reader will find his book a fascinating and instructive revelation of the true nature of some of those of our fellow-men whom we have so crudely misnamed 'savage.'"

E. H. G.

* "In Unknown New Guinea." A Record of Twenty-five Years of Personal Observation and Experience Amongst the Interesting People of an Almost Unknown Part of this Vast Island, and a Description of their Manners and Customs, Occupations in Peace and Methods of Warfare, their Secret Rites and Public Ceremonies. By W. J. V. Saville. Illustrated. (Seeley Service and Co.).

A MILTON PROBLEM TESTED IN THE SALE-ROOM: HANDWRITING EVIDENCE.

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY AND CO. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 636).

FIG. 1.—RECALLING MILTON'S FONDNESS FOR THE "PACKED LINE" FORMED OF STRINGS OF NOUNS (AS IN "PARADISE LOST" II., 621): STANZA 1 OF THE OVID SCRIPT.

FIG. 2.—MILTONIC IN SPIRIT AND SUBJECT: STANZA 2 OF THE OVID SCRIPT, FOR COMPARISON WITH MILTON'S KNOWN HANDWRITING AS SHOWN IN FIGS. 3, 4, AND 5.

I char all confus' on heape deth by,
out of the which great Jour deth by andy,
creat the heauenly sun, stars, heafe, heape
fish fole and every best that mank brach,
fir, earth, aere, water all were in dictio.
See placeth everyone in his owne orden
the light unto the heauens aboue god set
the grotto and myght unto the earth below.

1 bow 7 lowit 17 irones
2 bow 8 bowes 9 illicet
3 bow " amongst 10 browes
4 brought amongst 11 amongst
5 because 12 amongst 13
6 because 13 16 song
7 to span 14
8 to span 15
9 she 24
10 some 27
11 some 28

G God 22 23
12 21 24
13 25 some 26
14 some 27
15 some 28

FIG. 3.—WORDS FROM THE OVID SCRIPT COMPARED WITH THE SAME WORDS IN KNOWN MSS. OF MILTON: OVID SCRIPT—NOS. 2, 5, 7, 9, 12, 15, 17, 18, 19, 22, 26, 28; TRINITY COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE) MS.—1, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 20, 23, 24, 25, 27; S. L. SOTHEBY'S BOOK ON MILTON'S AUTOGRAPH, NO. 21.

1 Aratus 2 Caelum 3 Cum
4 A 5 Calisto 6 Callo
6 A 7 this 8 Calmug
8 A 9 City 10 only
11 Procris 12 Stocis 13
14 P Philip 15 Dallas
16 Philomela who fled 17
18 Pioneer Charles 19 Di
20 21 22 23 24 25

FIG. 5.—WORDS COMPARED AS IN FIG. 3: OVID SCRIPT—NOS. 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, 28; TRINITY MS.—4, 7, 13, 17, 19, 20; FACSIMILE OF MILTON'S COMMONPLACE BOOK, 25, 27; SOTHEBY'S BOOK ON MILTON'S AUTOGRAPH—1, 2, 3.

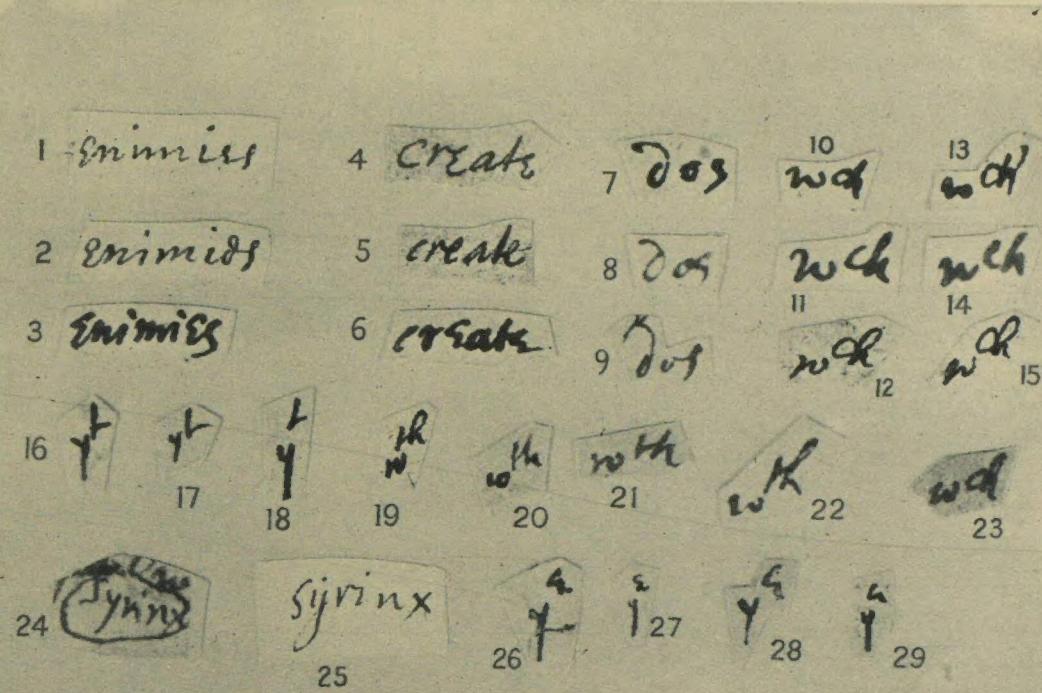


FIG. 4.—WORDS FROM THE OVID SCRIPT COMPARED WITH THE SAME WORDS FROM KNOWN MSS. OF MILTON: OVID SCRIPT—NOS. 1, 2, 4, 5, 9, 12, 15, 18, 19, 25, 27, 29; TRINITY COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE) MS.—3, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, 28.

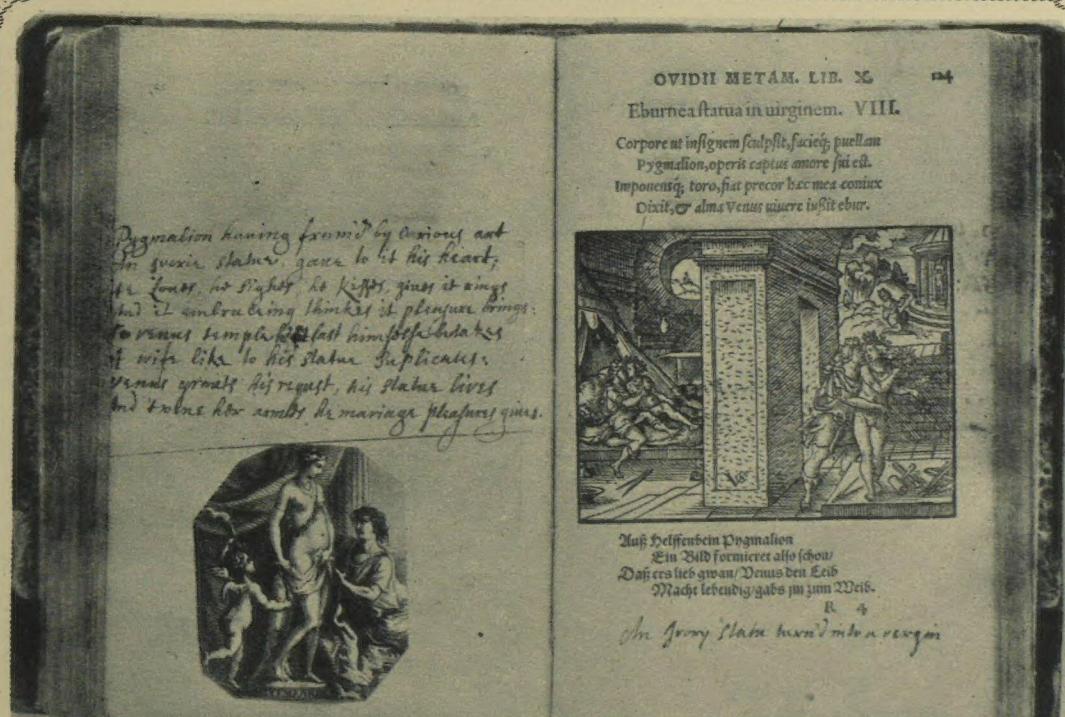


FIG. 6.—SHOWING (ON LEFT) A TYPICAL STANZA (NO. 124) OF THE OVID SCRIPT, WITH AN ENGRAVING BELOW PROBABLY INSERTED EARLY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: A PAGE OF THE 1563 EDITION OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES CONTAINING THE STORY OF PYGMALION AND THE VERSE PARAPHRASE ASSCRIBED TO MILTON.

A literary treasure of great interest was announced for sale at Sotheby's on March 30, in the form of an imperfect copy of Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book 15, published at Frankfurt in 1563, and discovered by Professor Hugh Candy in 1921. It contains 166 eight-line stanzas in English heroic couplets, describing the illustrations and the subjects of Ovid's verse. There is also a word or line written beneath each plate, giving the point of the stanza, as in Fig. 6 above. After careful research and comparison with Milton's known manuscripts in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a facsimile of his Commonplace Book in the Record Office, Professor Candy decided that the Ovid stanzas were an early work

of Milton, composed and written about 1623, when he was fifteen. This conclusion was also based on evidences of style and phrasing. The "Milton Ovid Script," as it was called, was printed in "Notes and Queries" during 1922-3, and first appeared in book form, with the discoverer's argument, in 1924, as "Some Newly Discovered Stanzas Written by John Milton on Engraved Scenes illustrating Ovid's Metamorphoses" (Nisbet). We reproduce above some "word cards" given in that book showing resemblances between the handwriting of the Ovid script and that of the known Milton MSS., including some from Mr. S. L. Sotheby's book, "Ramblings in the Illustration of the Autograph of Milton" (1861).

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

NOT GUILTY!

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

NORFOLK, in olden times, must have been a veritable paradise to the lover of field-sports, and especially in regard to its bird-life. On its great heaths the bustard bred. The stately crane nested in its marshes. Its glorious Broads offered harbourage for harriers and other great birds of prey, the bittern, ruffs, reeves, and many others of the plover-tribe; while its salt-marshes and estuaries teemed with water-birds of all kinds. Vast numbers of swans, geese, and ducks thronged its waterways in winter, when mallard, teal, and widgeon were taken by thousands in its famous "decoys." Drainage and reclamation of "waste land," as well as improved methods of agriculture, have slowly exterminated one after another of these inhabitants, so that it has become our bounden duty to preserve, with jealous care, the remnant that remains to us. Happily we are becoming more and more alive to our responsibilities in this regard.

The task, however, of those who have charged themselves with securing protection for this remnant has been, and still is, one of real difficulty. Indifference, vested interests, and prejudice have all to be overcome; while the collector of "rare birds" and eggs, or rather, egg-shells, has added not a little to their difficulties. A typical instance of the mischief that may be done where prejudice is allowed to have its way was furnished in December 1924, when the fishermen of Blakeney, North Norfolk, called a meeting, and an angry meeting, to demand the removal of the protection accorded to the terns which had nested in large colonies in the salt-marshes and on

whiting, haddock, herring, and whitebait. The fishermen made no complaint of a shortage of any of these. Sand-eels made up 14.64 per cent. These occasionally are eaten, at any rate by local residents. Crustacea, echinoderms, and marine worms made up 25.59 per cent.; marine molluscs, 10.20 per cent.; insects injurious to man—cockchafers—2.22 per cent.; "neutral insects"—some small dipterous fly and a species of ant—12.44 per cent.; and 5.23 per cent of miscellaneous or unidentifiable matter.

The food of the Sandwich tern, a species first identified as a British bird in 1784, long subjected to ruthless persecution by egg-collectors, but which we were particularly anxious to preserve owing to its diminishing numbers, told the same tale. From this small colony only nine specimens were taken. "Food-fishes," sand-eels, and marine worms formed their staple diet. In none were insect remains found. The food of the lesser tern showed: "food-fishes," 1.87 per cent.; small crustacea, 96.88 per cent.; and marine worms and mollusca, 1.25 per cent. When these results were compared with similar investigations carried out on the east and west coasts of Scotland, and English breeding-stations other than Blakeney, the percentages of food were practically the same, save that insects were found only in the stomachs of these Norfolk birds. As Mr. Collinge points out, the "food-fishes"—whiting, haddock, herring, and whitebait—occur in such prodigious numbers that no action of either mankind or bird can affect them in the slightest. The average of all the food eaten, in all these investigations so far made, amounts to no more than 20.50 per cent.

The Report continues: "If the absence of inshore fishes were due to the terns, then we should also have a scarcity of sand-eels, various crustacea, annelids, and marine molluscs, whose percentage far surpasses that of the food-fishes eaten; but there are no such signs. We are therefore thoroughly convinced that the recent scarcity of flat-fish at Blakeney Point is due to some other factor, and feel certain that, if the whole tern population were to migrate elsewhere, the result would not be marked by any increase in the fisheries. It seems clear that any shortage of inshore fishes at Blakeney Point can hardly be accounted for by the presence and preservation of the terns."

A memorandum added to this Report, by Mr. J. W. Allen, throws an important light on at least one aspect of the shortage of fish in this area. "When I first fished Blakeney Harbour," he remarks—about 1879—"there was a great abundance of fish, particularly of flounders. There were also plaice, eels, smelts, bass, mullet, and codling in the autumn. Fish were to be found from Cley Channel down to within a mile of the Bar. There has been a steady falling off in the quantity of all kinds of fish since the early eighties, and at the present time butts are practically the only fish to be obtained, and these are, as a rule, small." He then goes on to point

out "one excellent reason for the disappearance of the flat-fish, as well as of bass and mullet."

"For some years after I began fishing, there were wide areas of mud-flats extending from Cley Channel down to the Pit, and there was also a hard, muddy bottom in the Narrows. These muds contained great quantities of food for fishes, such as lug and other worms, small cockles, and periwinkles, and certain weeds on which, particularly, mullet feed.



WHERE PROTECTED TERNS WERE WRONGFULLY ACCUSED OF SPOILING THE FLAT-FISH INDUSTRY—A CHARGE WHICH HAS NOW BEEN REFUTED: BLAKENEY FAR POINT—THEIR PRINCIPAL NESTING GROUND.

"This scene is typical of the vast stretches of salt-marshes, shingle beaches, and mud-banks extending along the coast of Norfolk between Blakeney and Cley."

I have seen these grounds gradually covered with sand, and in some parts with marine plants. These feeding-grounds have diminished enormously, and there are few areas remaining. I think this shrinking of the feeding-grounds entirely accounts for the great falling off in the quantity of fish to be found in the harbour."

Here is the evidence which I ventured to prophesy would be forthcoming after due investigation. The terns still occupy their old haunts, because there has been no falling off in their food-supply. The fishermen were complaining of the loss of fish which the terns never ate. If, and when, they can bring about some scour of the tide which shall sweep away the sand and restore the mud, then, and not till then, will their old prosperity return. They are now convinced of this, thanks to this timely investigation in place of the permit they asked for to sweep away



ONE OF THE SPECIES ACQUITTED OF THE CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST THEM BY BLAKENEY FISHERMEN: THE COMMON TERN.

"The Common Tern is the only one of the three species nesting in this area that makes any pretence to a nest. It arrives on its breeding territory in the latter part of April, and forms the largest colonies."

the beaches from time immemorial. They charged these birds with the ruin of their industry and of their livelihood, on account of the serious raids which they made on the flat-fishes formerly so abundant there.

When I heard of this meeting, I felt sick at heart lest, as usual, the death-warrant called for should be signed without instituting any form of trial. I expressed a hope that the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries would at once institute an inquiry into this charge, appointing a Committee, composed of one or more fishermen and as many competent ornithologists, who should be empowered to shoot a certain number of each species throughout the breeding-season, for the purpose of ascertaining exactly the nature of the food during this period, when, of course, their numbers were greatest. This course was actually followed, and my friend Mr. Walter Collinge, our greatest authority on the food of birds, was asked to undertake the examination of the stomach-contents of the birds submitted to him. He has just sent me his Report.

The result of this investigation was to show, beyond a peradventure, that in no single instance was a young flat-fish taken from the stomachs of any one of these birds! So much, then, for the damage done to the fishing industry. Stomachs of the common tern were examined during May, June, July, August, and September. The whole of the stomach-contents consisted of animal food, of which 25.46 per cent. was the remains of "food-fishes," that is, of species used for human consumption—



ANOTHER OF THE BIRDS THAT "LEAVES THE COURT WITHOUT A STAIN ON ITS CHARACTER": THE LESSER TERN.

The Lesser Tern makes no nest, but lays its eggs in a cup-shaped depression in the sand, or pebbles. It arrives about the middle of April.

Illustrations reproduced from the Report, "An Investigation of the Food of Terns at Blakeney Point, Norfolk," by Mr. Walter E. Collinge, D.Sc., F.L.S., M.B.O.U.

the breeding-colonies of these most beautiful birds. Once again we have a startling witness of the folly of signing "death-warrants" without trial, a practice all too common even in these days of supposed enlightenment.

DERIVED FROM THE VANDALS? HERERO WOMEN'S "BERSERK" HELMETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY PROFESSOR E. H. L. SCHWARZ, RHODES UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, GRAHAMSTOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.



IN THEIR "BERSERK" HELMETS BELIEVED TO INDICATE CONTACT IN ANCIENT TIMES WITH THE VANDALS AT CARTHAGE: HERERO WOMEN ON LAKE NGAMI, NEAR THE KALAHARI DESERT, IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PROF. Schwarz writes: "The Damara refugees from South-West Africa are quite rich, though it was only ten years ago that they came to the lake destitute. The Batawana employed them as cattle herds, and now they own vast herds themselves. The curious head-dress of the women takes one back to Herodotus, who described a tribe living on the shores of Lake Tritonis, in Libya, whose women wore helmets. The goddess Athena, who is always represented in a helmet, was associated with that lake. When, in later times, the Vandals conquered Carthage, the women there changed the fashion of their hats to the three-pointed Norseman type. At the same period, these woolly-haired Africans (*i.e.*, those from whom the Damaras, or Hereros, are believed to be descended) envied their Vandal sisters their long tresses, so they attached to their heads hair from cows' tails. When Belisarius wiped out the Carthaginians, probably these hangers-on fled. Being of a most unlikable disposition, they were pushed ever southwards, till they came up against the Hottentots in Damaraland. They have retained a tribal memory of Carthaginian days—at least that is a good working hypothesis. If anyone can give a better explanation why the Damara women wear berserk helmets and long false hair, I should be glad to hear it."



LIKE OLD VANDAL HEAD-GEAR: THREE-POINTED HELMETS OF HERERO WOMEN, A RACE THOUGHT TO HAVE MIGRATED SOUTH IN THE COURSE OF AGES.

WITH LONG "FALSE" TRESSES OF COW'S HAIR, INDICATING FORMER CONTACT WITH LONG-HAIRED WOMEN SUCH AS THE VANDALS: HELMETED HERERO WOMEN—OF A TRIBE THAT CAME TO LAKE NGAMI AS REFUGEES FROM SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.



UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF A UNIQUE BIRD: THE TRINIDAD NIGHTJAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEC MUIR.



WITH ITS BODY IN LINE WITH, AND BLENDING WITH, THE TREE-TRUNK, AND ALWAYS FACING THE NEW BRANCH: A NIGHTJAR (*NYCTIBIUS GRISEUS*) BROODING AN EGG ON TOP OF A TREE-STUMP.



"ITS EYES WERE SLIGHTLY OPEN, PRESENTING MERE ELONGATED SLITS; IT WAS KEENLY WATCHING ME": AN OLD BIRD BROODING A CHICK ON TOP OF A BROKEN TREE-STUMP.



"THE LARGE EYES ARE KEPT CLOSED, OR ALMOST CLOSED, TO REDUCE THE CHANCE OF DETECTION": A TRINIDAD NIGHTJAR BROODING ITS EGG.



POSSIBLY LAID ELSEWHERE AND BROUGHT HERE IN ITS LARGE BEAK: A NIGHTJAR'S EGG IN A SMALL HOLLOW ON TOP OF A TREE-STUMP.



"ALMOST A BALL-AND-SOCKET FIT": A TRINIDAD NIGHTJAR'S EGG IN A TREE-STUMP HOLLOW ONLY ABOUT 2½ INCHES IN DIAMETER.

"MR. MUIR'S photographs," writes Mr. A. L. Butler in a recent number of "the 'Ibis,'" "are a great addition to our knowledge of the breeding habits of this singular genus. The stiff, attenuated attitude of the sitting bird, with head and neck stretched straight upwards and the tail pressed against the bark of the tree, is very remarkable, and causes it to appear exactly like a projection of the stump itself. Its profile outline is, in fact, extraordinarily unbird-like. The skin of the throat is drawn up against the palate in such a manner as to disguise as far as possible the shape of the head; while the large eyes are kept closed, or almost closed, to reduce the chance of detection, even though the bird is conscious of danger close to it. Another very interesting point is the almost exact similarity between the stumps selected for the two nests. In both a new 'leader' (branch) has been thrown up from just below the point where the stump was broken off, and in each case the bird sits facing this in such a way that, viewed from behind, its form comes into line with, and blends with, this grey stem. . . . I should like to emphasise the almost exact way in which the egg fits into a little hollow, just large enough to contain it. It is almost a ball-and-socket fit . . . the diameter of a nest-stump (about 2½ inches) affords very little room for so large a bird. . . . The egg may be laid elsewhere and transferred to the incubation hollow in the enormously capacious mouth of the bird."

The remarkably interesting photographs given on this and the opposite page were taken by Mr. Alec Muir in Trinidad, on two separate occasions, and show two examples of the peculiar tree-stump "nest" of a species of nightjar, *Nyctibius griseus*. "These photographs," writes Mr. A. L. Butler, "are quite unique, and the getting of them was the chance of a lifetime. The bird itself is rare, and absolutely nocturnal, and hence exceptionally difficult to find in these tropical forests. *Nyctibius* appears always to rest by day on the top of a stump in the remarkable upright position illustrated in the photographs, whether incubating or not. . . . I do not think it has ever been found crouching lengthwise like other nightjars. . . . According to Mr. F. M. Chapman, who

had several opportunities of observing the bird in Trinidad, *Nyctibius* does not feed, as other nightjars do, by hawking to and fro in search of insects, but by stationing itself on the top of a stump and making short sallies from this after passing insects as they are sighted, somewhat as a flycatcher does. Mr. A. B. Carr, one of the best field-naturalists in Trinidad, says that it feeds largely on beetles and large fireflies. Much has been written about the call of this bird, and the mournfulness of the sound has impressed most writers who have heard it. Waterton said it might be 'the last wailing of Niobe for her children before she was turned into stone. The negro, being unacquainted with Niobe, recognises the sadness of the cry in naming the bird "Poor-me-one.'"

HATCHED ON TOP OF A TREE-STUMP: A TRINIDAD NIGHTJAR'S CHICK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEC MUIR.



WITH A BIRD ON THE STRAIGHT WHITE TREE-STUMP (IN CENTRE) AT THE ANGLE OF THE NEW BRANCH: A TYPICAL HABITAT OF THE NIGHTJAR IN TRINIDAD IN A SMALL WOODED RAVINE.



BLENDING IN COLORATION WITH THE TREE-TRUNK SO AS TO BE ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE: A YOUNG BIRD EIGHT DAYS OLD ON THE TREE-STUMP.



SHOWING ITS RESEMBLANCE IN MARKINGS TO THE TREE: A CLOSE VIEW OF THE SAME YOUNG BIRD SEEN IN THE UPPER RIGHT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH.



TWENTY-TWO DAYS OLD: THE YOUNG NIGHTJAR, WHICH REMAINED FORTY-ONE DAYS ON THE TREE-STUMP—SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PLUMAGE.

"ON April 24, 1924," writes Mr. Alec Muir, in a recent number of the "Ibis," "I had the good fortune to find another bird of this species nesting about a hundred feet from the point where the first one was found. The bird was perched in the same position and on the same kind of tree. In this case the stump was much more lofty, being about twenty-five feet up. On the bird leaving its nesting-post, a very small object could be seen on the top of the stump. It looked like a piece of white fungus. When I could examine it more closely, it proved to be a nestling about two or three days old. It sat just as erect as its parent. The difficulty of photographing it was great. The tree had to be cautiously cut through and lowered a couple of feet. This operation was performed

(Continued opposite.)



"IT HAD A TREMENDOUS GAPE, DISPLAYED ON BEING DISTURBED": THE YOUNG BIRD, 22 DAYS OLD.

Continued.]

several times on succeeding days, until at last we got the nest about ten feet from the ground. . . . During its early stage the young bird was covered by creamy-white down. It had a tremendous gape, which it displayed on being disturbed. The young one remained on the nesting-stump for forty-one days after I found it. When the nestling-down had given place to immature plumage, the similarity of the coloration to that of the tree and of the adult was really wonderful. . . . A number of people, on being shown the nesting-stump, with the adult and young in position, found considerable difficulty in locating them, owing to the wonderful blending of their coloration with the tree-trunk." This blending is apparent even in the photographs.

The young nightjar shown on this page was photographed in Trinidad by Mr. Alec Muir (as described above), three years later than the old bird illustrated on the opposite page. Describing that previous occasion, he writes in the "Ibis": "On April 13, 1921, I observed a species of nightjar, which I afterwards identified as *Nyctibius griseus* (Gmel.), on the stump of a bread-fruit tree (*Artocarpus incisa*). The plant had decayed to within ten feet of the ground, and had sent out a young shoot which kept the tree alive. The bird was sitting upright, the tail being firmly pressed to the trunk of the stump. I had passed within a couple of feet

of it, and the bird made no attempt to leave its position. Its eyes were slightly open, presenting mere elongated slits. It was keenly watching me, though, for I noticed a hardly perceptible movement of the head. . . . It flew to a neighbouring tree. . . . On examining the original stump, I found it contained a single egg. How the bird managed to place the egg there I cannot imagine. The egg exactly fitted the cavity. There was no room to spare. It could not be moved from side to side, but I could revolve it gently with my fingers. The egg measured 40 mm. by 25 mm. In shape it was oval."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"THE INSECT PLAY" AT THE STRAND.—THE AMATEUR STAGE.

TAKE a bunch of enthusiastic amateurs, put them under a capable and energetic generalissimo, provide them with all the properties and effects required for the play, and stage their efforts adequately in a well-equipped theatre, and you can perform miracles. It was only by a co-ordination of all these factors that it was possible for the London Labour Dramatic Federation to produce "The Insect Play" with such a measure of success. It would be idle to say there were no shortcomings, though they passed unrecognised by the crowded and appreciative audience that filled the theatre to overflowing; but these were inevitable when we consider that Mr. Nigel Playfair spent six weeks of strenuous preparation with a professional cast, while these amateurs had to wrestle with their problem under extraordinary difficulties and in their spare time, and were unable to rehearse on the stage until the night of presentation. The wonder is not that they managed to put up so creditable a performance, but that they had the courage to face what must have daunted many a more practised company.

The idea owed its inception to the Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P., and first honours must go to Mr. Ernest Cove for the admirable way he managed not only to get the willing co-operation of his players, but to get so much solid work out of them. Undoubtedly much is due to the inspiring lead of Mr. Edmund Willard—the original "tramp," who repeated his sensitive performance. It is surprising what the inspiring influence of a good trained actor can be in such circumstances. Not a little of the charm and grace was won through the work of the Margaret Morris Dancers; and, since Mr. Nigel Playfair lent all the furnishings and Mr. Arthur Bourchier provided the theatre, these favoured amateurs had an occasion they not only availed themselves of to the full, but rose to it, deserving the full measure of praise which was given them.

But the significance of this performance—as indeed, too, of those other productions on Sunday evenings at the Strand under the ægis of Mr. Miles Malleson—is that the players are drawn from the various dramatic classes which are diligently and unostentatiously working in the suburbs. It may be true to say that their first interest is a sociological one—that their aim is narrowed by a political horizon. It is probably true to say that the art of the drama is of less moment than the didactic value of the plays they choose. But what does it matter? The point is that they cannot escape the cultural work, and by their endeavours they are growing familiar with good plays in the way that best inculcates appreciation—that is, by playing in them. Moreover, they are widening the sphere of influence of the theatre by tapping resources that the West End playhouse does not touch. "If a thing is worth doing," said Mr. Chesterton, with illuminating surprise, "it is worth doing badly." "The Insect Play" was worth doing. It is a fantasy built up on a ground plan of fundamental

thought, and if a genuine appreciation can be won for such drama from a public that we are too ready to amuse, and deem incapable of appreciating anything above crude horseplay or obvious emotionalism, it is a sign of hope.

It cannot be gainsaid that there is to-day a feverish interest in the playhouse, and a spirit of active criticism is abroad amongst men and women directed against the pabulum that is too often imposed upon them. This desire for reform, though hardly articulate, is expressing itself in many directions. The London Labour Dramatic Federation is only one manifestation. There is a great opportunity, if only the amateurs who are now so much in evidence would seize it, for them to contribute something real to the stage. It has been repeated so often as to be almost a platitude that it is useless for them to compete with the professional stage. It is useless to be content merely to repeat what has already been done better, and to

The first object is not to make professional actors (though men and women of gifts will naturally gravitate towards and reinforce the professional stage), not to enter into competition with the players whose work is all too hazardous already; not to waste their energies in futile revivals before applauding and undiscriminating friends, but to work in co-operation with the stage proper. If they seek to produce really good plays and to encourage the present generation of young authors by trying out their work, if they realise their limitations and get professional guidance wherever possible, they will do something to improve the popular taste, to cultivate an appetite, and to develop what every sincere lover and believer in the theatre desires—the idea that the theatre is not merely an excrescence but an integral part of the life of the people. If we can once recover this genuine passion for the theatre, if we can once awaken men to realise that here in their midst is a great and historic institution with

great traditions and a great literature, if we can get them to value it at its true worth, then public opinion will shape itself, and all the evils which now choke it will vanish in a night. The amateur players to-day have great opportunities. Let them but choose the right way of using them, and the horizon is bright indeed.

It is one of the tragedies of the theatre that there are still so many men and women of intelligence, men and women who interest themselves in the manifold social and political activities, who find themselves able and willing to support the other arts and yet stand outside the playhouse. It would be easy to name a dozen prominent social and political figures who never go, or go very rarely, to the theatre. This could be multiplied a thousandfold if we count the numbers of people whose integrity none would



NEVER BEFORE GIVEN IN ENGLAND: RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S OPERA "KITESH"—A SCENE DESIGNED FOR THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY'S CONCERT VERSION AT COVENT GARDEN.

The British Broadcasting Company arranged to give at Covent Garden, on March 30, a concert version of the sacred opera, entitled "Kitesh," by N. Rimsky-Korsakov, which has never before been given in England, and to broadcast it simultaneously to all their stations. The opera has been compared to Wagner's "Parsifal." The above scene, representing the invisible city of Kitesh, was specially designed for the Covent Garden production by J. Lapschine.—[By Courtesy of the British Broadcasting Co.]

copy the mannerisms of popular actors and actresses. Though it is a platitude, it is none the less true. They should try and create something for themselves. They should tackle the unproduced play—and the libraries are full of them. The public, for instance, that delighted in the delicate wit and sophisticated charm of Mr. Ashley Dukes' "The Man with a Load of Mischief" would hardly fail to find something attractive in the work of Mr. George Dunning Gribble, whose plays are so obviously written for his own pleasure that he seems indifferent whether they ever see the footlights. They may find something, too, among the plays of Mr. Alan Monkhouse, who has never yet won the reward he deserves in the commercial theatre. These are merely two among English playwrights, and I only indicate them as pointers to a school of young and sincere dramatists who merit their serious attention. If they widen their purview through the admirable translations available from our Continental drama, the scope for the imaginative and adventurous society is almost without limit. When one remembers the growth and development of the Community Players in America, and their profound influence on the theatre, it should point an encouraging example for our own amateur stage to follow.

deny and who take an intelligent view of affairs; and it is not merely the attendant costs of theatre-going which keep them away. This indifference is not wholly justifiable when we have a stage which to-day, in spite of the continuous attacks of the Jeremiahs, can show such a large proportion of good drama. For the quality of plays is certainly on the up-grade, and a comparison with the dramatic fare provided now and that of five years ago is a convincing reply to those who can see no hope. The public, in the last analysis, gets the plays it wants, and to-day it asks for a better type of play. But here again the efforts of local dramatic societies must inevitably widen the appeal and create a taste for the theatre. Once this territory has been explored, once this hitherto non-theatre-going public has been whetted to interest itself in the play (and if the play is good, it will command attention on its own merits), the natural result is to demand a more finished and artistic production. The reverberations of the echoes of applause will in the end reach Shaftesbury Avenue. The professional stage will receive a new stimulus, and the drama will in truth become an art of the people, for the people, and by the people.

THE LATEST FARICAL COMEDY SUCCESS: "THE BEST PEOPLE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.



THE EASILY SHOCKED MRS. LENNOX : HENRIETTA WATSON.



THE CHORUS GIRL ENJOYS TEASING "HARRY": LENNOX (C. V. FRANCE); WAITER (E. IRWIN); MILLIE (OLGA LINDO); UNCLE GEORGE (FREDERICK VOLPÉ).



GEORGE GRAFTON, BROTHER TO MRS. LENNOX : FREDERICK VOLPÉ.



MILLIE, THE BRILLIANT, VULGAR, YET GOOD-HEARTED CHORUS GIRL : OLGA LINDO.



THE CHORUS GIRL WHO PROVES A FIT MATE FOR ONE OF THE "BEST PEOPLE": ALICE (MAISIE DARRELL).



THE YOUNG MAN WHO WANTS TO MARRY THE CHORUS GIRL: BERTIE LENNOX (HUGH WILLIAMS).



THE "BEST PEOPLE" IN A QUANDARY MISS TATE (DORA GREGORY); ALICE (MAISIE DARRELL); BERTIE (HUGH WILLIAMS); MILLIE (OLGA LINDO); MR. LENNOX (C. V. FRANCE); HENRY MASTERS, THE CHAUFFEUR (IAN HUNTER); MARION LENNOX (NORA SWINBURNE); MRS. LENNOX (HENRIETTA WATSON); AND GEORGE GRAFTON (FREDERICK VOLPÉ).

"The Best People," the new farcical comedy by David Gray and Avery Hopwood, is the Lyric's latest laughter-making piece. Mr. and Mrs. Lennox and George Grafton, Mrs. Lennox's pompous brother, are seriously disturbed because Bertie Lennox has fallen in love with Alice, a chorus girl, and Marion Lennox wants to marry her father's chauffeur, Henry Masters. Bertie's "entanglement" is to be discussed at a supper-party in a private room at a cabaret club. It is here that Millie, the chorus girl who acts as "Fairy Godmother" to the two young couples, makes her appearance. She is played by Miss Olga Lindo (who made such a big success as Sadie in "Rain"). She presents her with great brilliance.

as a high-spirited, slangy, vulgar, yet essentially good-hearted girl. Millie says the most outrageous things; and proceeds to tease the pompous Uncle George, announcing the while that she is being "informal with 'Harry,'" as she calls the unfortunate uncle. Millie's scenes with Uncle George are exceedingly funny, and the play is given at lightning speed in true farce tradition. Of course, everything comes right in the end, as Millie succeeds in getting the parents' consent to both marriages, and in "taking the 'Best People' down a peg or two," by proving that the chorus girl and the chauffeur have really more estimable characters.

ABNORMAL FLOODS NEAR THE KALAHARI DESERT: LIFE ON

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ARTICLE BY PROFESSOR E. H. L.

A GREAT TROPICAL RIVER THAT ENDS AS A "DRAIN."

SCHWARZ, RHODES UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, GRAHAMSTOWN.



WHERE THE BOTLETTLE, WHICH BEGINS AS A GREAT TROPICAL RIVER, ENDS AS A "DRAIN" IN A FIELD OF INDIAN CORN: PART OF THE DRY RIVER-BED FLOODED BY THE MAKALAKAS WITH THE HUT OF A BATEBE BUSHMAN.



A DEEP-ROOTED TREE THAT SURVIVES WHEN OTHERS DIE FROM DROUGHT: A MOPEPE TREE (*BOSCIA MICROPHYLLA*) AT A PLACE WHERE BIG BARGES ONCE PLIED ON THE RIVER, NOW ONLY NAVIGABLE IN FLOOD BY CANOES.



VERY LARGE ON THE BOTLETTLE, STUNTED IN THE OPEN DESERT, AND DEAD IN THE CHOBÉ FORESTS: SPECIMENS OF THE MAGNIFICENT DAUGA TREE (*COMBRETUM PRIMIGENIUM*) FOUND ALL OVER THE NORTHERN KALAHARI.



SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC SHAPE OF THEIR HIGH, CYLINDRICAL HEADS: MAKALAKA WOMEN AT ZABEQUI'S VILLAGE, ON THE LOWER BOTLETTLE RIVER.

Dr. Livingstone, in his "Missionary Travels" while ascending the Botleltte in company of the Makobas, or as he calls them, "these inland sailors," came to the Tamakane. On enquiring whence it arose, he was told: "Oh, from a country full of rivers—so many no one can tell their number—and full of large trees." This adequately describes the great depression in the northern Kalahari, that stretches for three hundred miles from Lake Ngami to the Zambezi, and now almost miraculously has been restored to its pristine glory by the abnormal floods of this year. From the truly magnificent tropical forests of the Tamakane, the trees pass into short degrees of desert, and the Botleltte, which has an average width of two hundred yards in its upper reaches and at some places widens out to half a mile, finishes miserably as a drain in the midst of a field of Indian corn. To the east is the Kalahari desert, a sandy, waterless tract in which only bushmen can live; nevertheless the drying-up process has been so recent that even here there are remnants of forests and river beds half obliterated. The final stage of desiccation, however, to shifting sand dunes not reached—that is only found in the south. The unexpected reappearance of water in the Botleltte in its former wide channel has led to the disappearance of makoros, the usual dug-out canoes, and only one man survives who can ply the difficult trade of makoro-maker; he is very old, but age has not sapped his strength, and he is turning them out at a great rate. The photograph of a naked Makoba hewing out a log canoe takes one back to the beginning of time, as far as the human race is concerned, for such a scene was enacted on every river and lake in Europe as soon as man had acquired the use of tools. Makoras that had been in use on previous occasions were hauled from their resting-places and launched on the flood. Alas! many through neglect had been abandoned and left to rot, and find a river full of crocodiles between you and your cattle. Holes at either end could be patched with a sod, for the paddlers who stand there must keep their feet in place with their feet, but a hole in the bottom was a serious problem in this land where there are no saws or nails. The difficulty was usually got over by digging out some hole to sit on the hole and keep the water out. The Mananswas or Masilepettas are another river people who live here; they are very black and have mouths like boxes in front of their faces. Then there are the Masurwas, related to the Ovambos of South-West Africa, and Damaras from the same country. The Bakalahadis, too, have villages along this amazing river; they are supposed



A RAIN POOL AND A PATCH OF MAKORA TREES IN A FIFTY-MILE SUCH "OASES" SHOWING THAT THE KALAHARI



STRETCH OF "THIRST" (SANDY WATERLESS TRACT): ONE OF MANY HAS BECOME A DESERT IN QUITE RECENT TIMES.

Continued. to be forerunners of the Bechuanas as they speak a primitive Bechuan language, but they seem more like a sort of Bushmen. The dominant people of the Botleltte, however, are the Makalakas, a brown race who, in early times, are reputed to have brought to Africa the art of weaving fine linen and cloth of gold; all the Bantu tribes look up to them as superior people, and they were evidently once upon a time a highly cultured race. For centuries now they have been enslaved and have lost most of their traditional attainments. A remnant driven out of Rhodesia settled on the Botleltte, and here, in surroundings somewhat like those enjoyed by their ancestors, they have become a nation once more. They are still interested largely in the Bantu, so that many like their friend, black as night, but the general colour is brown. Many have extraordinary cylindrical heads.

This short-headedness is decidedly non-African, for the Dark Continent is the home of the long head, as Asia is that of the short one. It

has always been a mystery that the Malays were able to cross the Indian Ocean and colonise Madagascar, yet apparently failed to reach the mainland. That

there was intercourse with the continent is proved by the Sakalavas, who have

Bantu blood in their veins, and now here, in this remote part of the country,

are probably the descendants of the same people. One has only to change the situation and the name, and the priest himself may be called Ma. In fact the

"v" and the names are seen to be practically identical. A picked body of

Makalakas set down in the Malay quarters of Cape Town would be indistinguishable from the inhabitants.

At present the Botleltte peters out in a pan, the former Kumalo Lake, the home of the Batebe Bushmen; they alone

of their kind live in ordered communities and cultivate the soil. From here

to Serowe is plain Kalahari, the home of the Masarwa. These are contemptuously referred to as Bushmen-Bechuana half-breeds. Such, no doubt, exist, but the

Masarwa is as true Bushman as any other, a better-known small brown man of the south. The Bakalahadis, the Oung, the Heikum, the Masarwa, and the Litone people may be considered to be races of tribes that lived in Africa before the invasion of negroid Bantu from the north. They speak a semi-articulate

language that can only be likened to the noise made by a dumb man; they are most primitive in their habits, and they are very possibly survivors of prehistoric races, such as the Neanderthal and Solutrian of Europe, who have been

pushed from the desirable places on earth by more aggressive tribes. (An illustrated article on the Heikum Bushmen of the Kalahari appeared in our issue of February 20.)



PROBABLY A DESCENDANT OF THE PREHISTORIC RHODESIAN MAN, AKIN TO NEANDERTHAL MAN IN EUROPE: A MASARWA BUSHMAN, WITH PROMINENT BROWS AND BIG MOUTH.



WITH A MAN SITTING OVER A HOLE TO PREVENT IT SINKING AND THE OCCUPANT PELLING A PREY TO CROCODILES: ONE OF THE OLD ROTTED CANOES RE-LAUNCHED ON THE BOTLETTLE, WHEN RECENT FLOODS MADE IT NAVIGABLE AGAIN AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF DROUGHT.



DRIFTED INTO SHALLOW WATER, WHERE (ON THE FLOOD SUBSIDING) EVERY JOINT SPROUTS AND FORMS A DENSE GROWTH OF REEDS, TO IMPEDE A POSSIBLE FLOOD NEXT YEAR: A REED RAFT.



AS ON THE HUNDREDS 200 YEARS AGO: A MAISGBA MAN ON THE BOTLETTLE MAKING FROM A FALLEN TREE A DRAG-OUT LIKE ONE OF THE BEAKER "BRONZE AGE IN THE LONDON MUSEUM.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I HAVE been making a voyage of discovery on the ocean of current fiction, and I have found my treasure in the fit and proper place for such adventures—an island in the South Seas. All treasure-finders, of course, are inclined to exaggerate their good fortune, and there have been many "discoveries" which have not quite delivered the goods. Myself when young used to discover new Scotts and Thackerays about once a month, until one day Andrew Lang wrote a scathing article on hyperbolical reviewers. After that I drew in my horns and retired into my shell, a more discriminating snail. Nowadays, therefore, I go slow with encomium, and avoid comparisons, perceiving that literary supermen to-day are of a totally different build from the giants of the past; they emerge from the crowd not so much by bulk as by agility.

Having thus offered the sceptic as large a pinch of salt as his digestion requires, I proceed to dish up my treasure-trove, which is "A TRADER'S TALE," by Sydney Walter Powell, author of "The Game" (Constable; 7s. 6d. net). I will try to convey the character of the book without giving away any details of its culmination. It is not always easy to decide how far a novel may be outlined without spoiling the reader's pleasure. Personally, I do not mind being told beforehand where the scene is laid and what sort of people I shall meet, but I object to anything that suggests an actual incident or in any way foretells a surprise. If I had been Claudius, I should have been annoyed with Hamlet for whispering: "He poisons him in the garden for his estate. . . . You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife."

The scene of "A Trader's Tale" is laid in Tahiti, and I can well believe that Mr. Powell has had "long and adventurous experience in the South Seas," for every page of his book bears witness to an intimate knowledge of the islands and their inhabitants—European and Polynesian. In the matter of locality, of course, he has not broken new ground, or—should I say?—new water. He is not—

. . . . the first
That ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The South Seas, indeed, have not been particularly silent: they resound with the voices of Melville, of "R. L. S." of Conrad, of Stacpoole, and a chorus of others. But the waters of literature are as broad as the Pacific: there is plenty of room for a new voice in the one, as for a new craft in the other. What, then, are the special virtues of "A Trader's Tale" which entitle it to a solo part in the concert? In Marco's phrase, I will "endeavour to define."

First of all, Mr. Powell seems to me to have devised an original scheme for his tale. It is a man's story about a man; the narrator (March) is an old hand in island life, and the subject of the tale (Debenham) is a green but engaging novice whom he befriends. The interest lies in the character of the "tenderfoot," his reactions to circumstance and environment, his vagaries in losing job after job, his protector's feelings towards him, and the question whether a man does not learn to swim sooner if left to struggle alone than if dependent on support. Most of Debenham's troubles arose from his being "too trusting," and some were due to his being a *mitionari*. "In these islands, where celibacy is condemned," says the trader (who himself had followed Marco's advice and taken "a pair of sparkling eyes"—Polynesian eyes), "it is not for one's reputation well to be what the natives call a *mitionari*—that is, a man of missionary-like chastity. One is suspected and watched." The feminine element is not lacking in the tale, though it is not the main motive, and certain amorous entanglements are described at second-hand and not subjectively.

One virtue I find in the book is its candid realism and freedom from sentimentality—which is not to say that it is devoid of sentiment. Another is the author's economy of language in working up his local colour: he conveys the beauty of an island sunset, or the terror of a Pacific cyclone, in a dozen lines, where some writers take as many pages. Other virtues are his dry humour, his brevity in sketching incident and character—human or canine

(e.g., the trader's dog, Tui)—and the natural ease of his dialogue. I feel now, after reading the book, that I know my way about Papeete. I have gone marketing with Narua, mixed with the cosmopolitan crowd at the Casino, dined à deux at the Franco-Chinese café, watched a native *hulahula*, gossiped at the club or in the bar of the Diadème, met and talked with many of "the adopted children of the South Seas," as well as some of native blood. I should recognise, for example, Harington, the prosperous, good-natured trader, always talking of his impaired interior; Petitjean, the burly Breton with a voice as of the Bull of Bashan; Labistour, the "master of chicanery"; Alan Brock, half-Scot, half-Polynesian, and a stickler for legal matrimony; Clissold, the drunkard with his distorted philosophy; or Lemone, the bore and prude, who "still called a spade an agricultural implement" and was suspected of "an intention to add to the tourist literature of the South Seas." With March, the teller of the tale, and Debenham, his erratic protégé, I should be on terms of immediate familiarity.

I have gathered much—in and between the lines of this story—about the relations of white men and Polynesian women, and the status, legal or otherwise, of the native wife. Narua herself (the helpmate of March)—gossip-loving, shrewd, industrious, and beguiling—is a slight but attractive creation. "In the presence of European visitors, unless they were intimate friends, she was careful to observe the European proprieties." Then there are Terai and Rita, and the nameless damsel in her "birth attire," who all played their part in Debenham's education. The theory of the white man in these matters is expressed by the owner of a trading

book which will appeal to all soldiers of the King, "THE DRESS OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF LIFE GUARDS IN THREE CENTURIES," by U. H. R. Broughton (late First Life Guards), illustrated (Halton and Truscott Smith; £8 8s.). This is a work to which I may fittingly apply the epithet "sumptuous," for it is a large volume, beautifully bound and printed and containing forty plates in colour, and forty more in black-and-white—the last word in excellence of reproduction. The edition is limited to 300 copies.

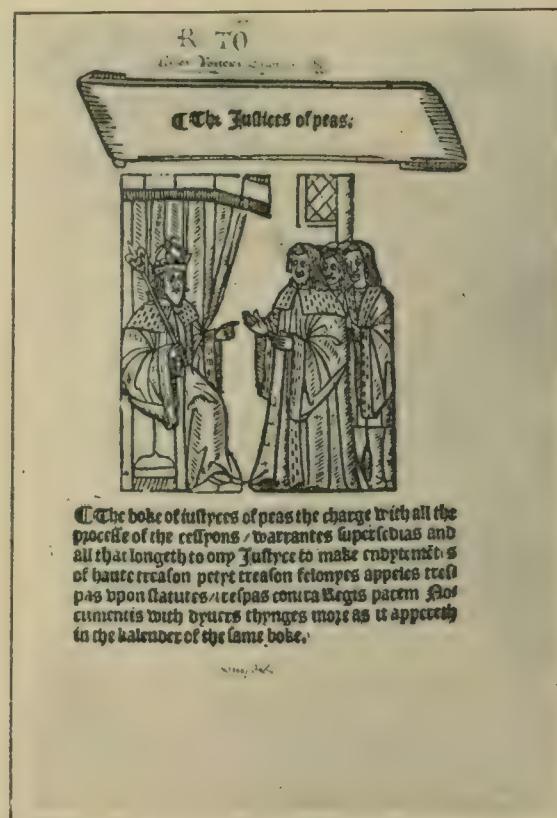
The illustrations, which are arranged chronologically from 1670 to 1923, form the main body of the book. Some of them represent single figures, or small groups of figures, with no other object than to show details of costume and equipment. These, of course, will interest soldiers and students of military history. There are many more, however, which possess a wider appeal, either as battle-scenes or as examples of the art of various periods, or as records of places and social customs.

Thus, there are several pictures of the battle of Waterloo and other engagements, military reviews at home, the proclamation of George IV. at the Royal Exchange, troops of former days at Hyde Park Corner, Buckingham Palace, and in Regent Street, and a water-colour of Windsor Castle, by David Cox. One of the black-and-white plates is from a water-colour by the late Earl of Ypres. Another, entitled "The Great Joss and his Playthings," is reproduced from an 1820 caricature of George IV., in which a miniature line of Life Guards parades before a mandarin. In a still lighter vein is a comic cartoon of 1880 by Major Seccombe called "Military Misreadings of Shakespeare—I do perceive here a divided duty." This reminds me of a passage in English song which I should not otherwise have dared to quote in this august connection—

Emily Jane was a nursery maid,
James was a bold Life Guard.

Mr. Broughton's admirable book has grown out of a collection of regimental prints which he began to make after joining the First Life Guards in 1916. The amalgamation of the two regiments in 1923 suggested a volume on the First Life Guards before its distinctive character became obliterated. The plates are preceded by a concise and scholarly introduction, and at the end is a chronological catalogue of pictures, drawings, and engravings of the regiment, over 180 in all, and including descriptions of the eighty reproduced.

In his introduction Mr. Broughton gives an interesting historical survey of his subject. He recalls, for instance, that the gold oak leaves and acorns on the collar and cuffs of the officers' tunics have been worn since the days of Charles II., to commemorate his escape in the oak tree; and that it was King Edward VII. (when Prince of Wales) who prevented the discarding of the axes borne from time immemorial by farriers of the Life Guards as badges of their office. The time-honoured use of scarlet in uniforms, both in our own and foreign armies, is explained by the suggestion of a sixteenth-century writer—"that the colour was originally chosen with the practical object of lessening the effect of the sight of blood." It was in Wolseley's campaign of 1882 that the Life Guards last fought in red, and it was then that the Duke of Connaught, struck by the appearance of the Indian troops, brought about the use of khaki for active service. Full-dress uniform, however, will always satisfy the desire of the eye and appeal to those who love tradition. Nor is it only the eye of Emily Jane that succumbs to its glamour. Mr. Broughton recalls that "the Shah of Persia in 1889 offered to buy the escort which met him on landing at Westminster, *en bloc*, officers, men, and horses, and transport them to Persia." We may part with our Old Masters and



BOUGHT FOR £1450 AT THE BRITWELL SALE: THE ONLY KNOWN COPY OF "THE JUSTICES OF PEAS" (1515)—THE TITLE-PAGE.

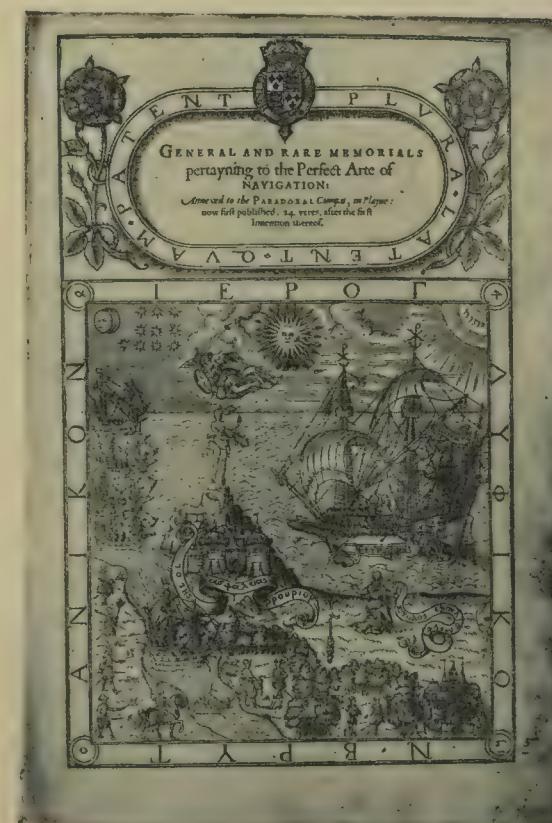
Among that part of the famous Britwell Library sold at Sotheby's on March 23, when the total realised was £8816 18s., were some extremely rare early books on English law. The only known copy of "Justices of Peas," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1515, was bought by Dr. Rosenbach for £1450. Several other rare books were bound up with it.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.

schooner thus: "There's no question a shore-trader ought to have a wife. She can put him wise to so much that he'd never get to know of. Kind of intelligence bureau and criminal investigation department, a trader's wife is." A white man, it seems, may marry a native girl without social ostracism, but he loses caste if he works with *kakakas* (native labourers) on terms of equality.

I trust I have not conveyed the impression that Mr. Powell's book is a topographical tableau without a plot, for that is far from the fact. The dramatic interest grows stronger as the tale proceeds, and the *dénouement* contains all the thrills that could be desired. I have not read such a good novel for many a long day.

"It is the uniform which swells the soldier's chest, the rags which bend the shoulders of the beggar. Judges cling to their wigs for a sound reason; when kings changed crowns for hats, absolutism was doomed." So writes Mr. Powell concerning the influence of costume on character, and the dictum may serve to introduce a



BOUGHT FOR £1210 AT THE BRITWELL SALE: THE FIRST EDITION OF DR. JOHN DEE'S "GENERAL AND RARE MEMORIALS PERTAYNING TO THE PERFECT ARTE OF NAVIGATION" (1577)—THE TITLE-PAGE.

This extremely rare book was bought by Dr. Rosenbach for £1210, at Sotheby's on March 22, when the day's total for a section of the Britwell Library was £7185 19s. The woodcut on the title-page shows Queen Elizabeth seated in a ship named "Europe," and a castle on a cliff with a scroll inscribed (in Greek) "the castle of safety."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.

Tudor mansions to Transatlantic plutocrats, but I trust we shall continue, in matters of exportation, to draw the line at the Life Guards.

C. E. B.

SCENES FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY — BY EDMUND DULAC.

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SAUL AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

"And he said unto her, What form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself."

This is the eighth in the series of beautiful colour-studies of Biblical subjects by that famous artist, Mr. Edmund Dulac, begun in our Christmas Number for 1925. The first four colour-plates, given therein, illustrated the Expulsion from Eden, the Flood, the Doom of Lot's

Wife, and the Death of Samson. The fifth—Moses in the Bulrushes—appeared in our issue of January 9 last; the sixth—the Fall of Jericho—in that of March 6; and the seventh—Ruth and Boaz—in that of March 13.

THE ART OF THE ANCIENT MAYA:

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESCRIPTION BY THOMAS GANN, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I.

CARVINGS IN AMERICAN JADE.

MEMBER OF THE MAYA SOCIETY. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 632.)



ANCIENT MAYA JADE CARVING: FIG. 1. A CHILD'S FACE FROM COPAN; 5. A FIGURE FROM COPAN (7·5 IN. HIGH): AT THE TOP, FROM TEOTIHUACAN;

All the above objects are described in Dr. Gann's article on page 632, but for convenience of reference we give here the passage relating to Fig. 6. "The jade plaque," he writes, "is one of the most remarkable pieces ever discovered in America. It was found in excavating the ruins of the great Toltec capital, Teotihuacan, near Mexico City. It is composed of two *laminæ*, the carved surface being of a bright apple-green, the back of dull blue. Apart from beauty of material and workmanship, it is of exceptional interest as proving the existence of intercourse between the great Toltec capital and the cities of the Maya Old Empire, for the engraving upon it is typically and unmistakably Maya. The principal figure, probably that of a ruler or god, wears Maya dress and ornaments, and squats in a Buddha-like pose upon the glyph for the Maya month Cauac. His enormous head-dress is formed, centrally, by the conventionalised head of the plumed serpent, behind by pendent plumes of feathers, and in front by elaborate plaited work ending in a grotesque human face and body. In front of him stands the much smaller figure of a captive or suppliant. Stylistically this plaque belongs to the end of the fifth century A.D., and there can

be but little doubt that it was manufactured in the Maya city of Palenque, as a sculpture found there is almost identical with it in design, and the only other jade plaque consisting of two *laminæ*, one blue and one green, is known to have come from Palenque; in fact, both were probably cut originally from the same slab of stone. The jade of this plaque is so hard that a knife will not scrape it, and how the ancient jeweller produced the design without metal tools is incomprehensible; it can only have been done by slow attrition with sand and water. It is difficult to understand how such an extraordinarily valuable piece of jewellery, as this must have been amongst the Maya, ever found its way to the Toltec capital. If it came as a trade piece, one would expect to find other Maya artifacts at Teotihuacan, but not a single article of typical Maya manufacture has ever been brought to light in the very extensive excavations which the Mexican Government has carried out here. One might suppose it formed part of the dowry of a Maya princess who married a Toltec prince; but if the intercourse between the nations had been close enough for this, we should find traces of Maya artifacts in Teotihuacan, and vice versa."



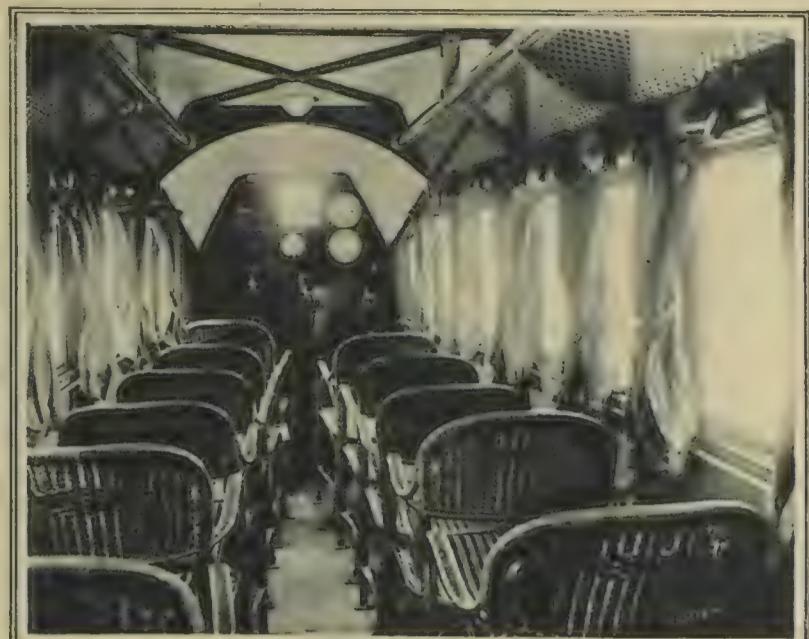
FIG. 11. SIMILAR IN TYPE TO THE 1500-YEAR-OLD CARVED FACE IN FIG. 1: A MODERN MAYA GIRL, AGED SIX, OF YUCATAN.

HOME EVENTS OF THE WEEK: INTERESTING NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FIRST TWO PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF IMPERIAL AIRWAYS, LTD. OTHERS BY G.P.U. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



ONE OF THE FOUR NEW HANDLEY-PAGE AIR-LINERS RECENTLY DELIVERED AT CROYDON AERODROME FOR THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS SERVICES: THE "CITY OF MELBOURNE."



WITH A SEATING CAPACITY OF FOURTEEN, A WEIGHT OF ABOUT SIX TONS (FULLY LOADED), AND A SPEED OF 112-M.P.H.: THE "CITY OF MELBOURNE"—THE INTERIOR OF THE PASSENGER CABIN.



A FAMOUS JOCKEY'S SON FOLLOWS IN HIS FATHER'S "FOOTSTEPS": THE FINISH OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP—PAT DONOGHUE RIDING THE WINNER, KING OF CLUBS (A 100-TO-1 CHANCE), WITH ZIONIST (THE FAVOURITE) SECOND (ON THE OUTSIDE), AND VESINGTON STAR THIRD.



THE ARMY DEFEATS THE AIR FORCE AT "RUGGER" AND WINS THE SERVICES CHAMPIONSHIP: AN INCIDENT OF THE GAME—AN ARMY MAN COLLARED.

The Secretary for Air, Sir Samuel Hoare, arranged to inspect at Croydon Aerodrome the Imperial Airways fleet, including four new air-liners delivered there on March 30, while Lady Maud Hoare undertook to name them, as the "City of London," "City of Ottawa," "City of Melbourne," and "City of Pretoria." These machines were built by Messrs. Handley-Page and are known as the W10's. They are propelled by two 450-h.p. Napier Lion engines, and have a speed of 112 miles per hour. Each aeroplane weighs about six tons when fully loaded, and can seat fourteen. Several other new machines are either built or under construction for Imperial Airways.—The Lincolnshire Handicap, run at Lincoln on March 24, provided a great surprise, when a 100-to-1 outsider, Mr. W. J.



THE CITY HONOURS SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN FOR HIS WORK AT LOCARNO: THE FOREIGN SECRETARY WITH THE DEPUTY LORD MAYOR AT THE GUILDHALL.

Bellerby's King of Clubs, beat the favourite, the Aga Khan's Zionist. King of Clubs was ridden by Pat Donoghue, the young son of the famous jockey, Steve Donoghue, who was also riding in the race, on Mrs. A. Bendix's Argeia. Mr. R. Duggan's Vesington Star was third, and Argeia was one of the two last.—The Army beat the Royal Air Force in the "Rugger" match at Twickenham on March 27 by 1 goal and 2 tries (11 points) to nothing, and thus won the Services championship.—Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary, was on March 25 presented with the freedom of the City of London in a gold casket, at the Guildhall, in recognition of his eminent services at Locarno. Sir George Truscott acted as deputy for the Lord Mayor, absent on doctor's orders.

AN "INCARNATION OF CELESTIAL GODS": THE

PHOTOGRAPHS

SELF-CORONATION OF THE NEW KING OF SIAM.

SUPPLIED BY C.N.



FACING IN TURN THE EIGHT QUARTERS OF THE KINGDOM AND PROMISING PROTECTION TO EACH: THE KING ON THE OCTAGONAL THRONE, WHERE HE WAS ANOINTED WITH CONSECRATED WATER.



THE CLIMAX OF THE CORONATION CEREMONIES: THE NEW KING SEATED ON THE "NOBLE" THRONE IMMEDIATELY AFTER HE HAD PLACED ON HIS OWN HEAD THE GREAT CROWN OF VICTORY.



THE KING RECEIVING HIS CONSORT, WHOM HE RAISED TO THE RANK OF QUEEN AND SEATED BY HIS SIDE: A CEREMONY ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE CORONATION DAY.



ANOINTING THE QUEEN BEFORE RECEIVING HER TO SIT ON THE THRONE BESIDE HIM: THE NEW KING OF SIAM AND HIS CONSORT.



DURING THE CEREMONIAL BATH OF PURIFICATION AND ANOINTMENT IN A BATH OF GOLD: THE NEW KING OF SIAM AT THE OPENING RITES OF HIS CEREMONY, WHEN HE WAS ANOINTED WITH WATER FROM THE FIVE CHIEF RIVERS, THE FOUR HOLY PONDS OF SUBARNA, AND SEVENTEEN PROVINCES.



AN OLD ETONIAN BECOMES RULER OF SIAM: THE NEW KING OF SIAM WEARING NAVAL UNIFORM ARRIVES IN A STATE PALANQUIN AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE BASAIL HALL, IN BANGKOK, FOR THE CEREMONY OF HIS CORONATION.

The Coronation of King Prajadhipok, who recently succeeded the late King Rama of Siam, took place at Bangkok, with rich and elaborate ceremonies, on the morning of February 25. First the Brahmin High Priest of Siva invited his Majesty to take a ceremonial bath of purification and anointment in a bath of gold, and anointed him with water from the five chief rivers of Siam, the four holy ponds of Subarna, and the seventeen provinces. The King then retired, and reappeared in full regal robes with a procession of Brahmin priests, and the High Priests of Siva and Vishnu scattering roasting grains as symbols of prosperity. The King took his seat on an octagonal throne of fig-wood, beneath a seven-tiered white umbrella. The eight seats of the throne faced the eight quarters of the kingdom, and the King moved round, sitting on each in turn and replying to invocations from the Pandits of

the Quarter, promising them his protection. The King then went in procession from the Octagonal Throne to the Noble Throne, where chamberlains and pages bore the many symbols of sovereignty. Here followed the supreme moment of the ceremony, when the King, seated on the Noble Throne, received from the High Priest of Siva the Great Crown of Victory and placed it on his own head, in accordance with the Siamese custom. At that moment salutes of guns were fired throughout the kingdom. The High Priest of Siva handed the King the sceptre, and the High Priest of Vishnu the Great White Umbrella of full royalty. In the afternoon the King raised his consort to the rank of Queen, and went with her in state to the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, where he proclaimed himself Defender of the Faith. His complete title contains the phrase, "Incarnation of celestial gods."

AN INTERESTING GRAND NATIONAL: FINE WEATHER, GOOD GOING, AND A CLOSE FINISH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., CENTRAL PRESS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



WHERE A FAVOURITE (SILVO) CAME DOWN: FALLS AT THE FIRST FENCE IN THE GRAND NATIONAL SHOWING GRECIAN WAVE'S JOCKEY (MAJOR WILSON) IN THE AIR.



A REMARKABLE "SPILL" AT ONE OF THE FENCES IN THE GRAND NATIONAL: MR. F. BARBOUR'S HORSE, KOKO, ON HIS BACK WITH HIS LEGS IN THE AIR AND THE JOCKEY (J. HAMEY) FALLEN CLEAR.



SHOWING A FALLEN FAVOURITE, SILVO (IN CENTRE) STUMBLING AFTER THROWING HIS JOCKEY, F. REES (SEEN BEHIND A HORSE'S LEGS ON EXTREME LEFT), AND THE RIDERLESS GRECIAN WAVE (RIGHT): THE MELEE AT THE FIRST FENCE.



THE WINNER SUCCESSFULLY NEGOTIATES BECHER'S BROOK: MR. A. C. SCHREVE'S JACK HORNED (W. WATKINSON UP) ON THE LEFT, DASHING AHEAD AFTER SAFELY LANDING OVER THE BIG FENCE.



A GHOSTLY EFFECT REMINISCENT OF "TAM PEARSE'S GRAY MARE": FALLS AT BECHER'S BROOK—THREE JOCKEYS ON THE GROUND, ANOTHER RUNNING CLEAR OF THE COURSE, AND WHITE SURREY BEYOND THE FENCE.

This year's Grand National, which was run as usual over the historic course at Aintree, near Liverpool, was a race of exceptional interest. Except for a slight haze the weather was fine, and the great event was enjoyed by an enormous number of spectators under ideal conditions. The going was excellent, and this accounted for the fact that no fewer than fourteen of the thirty starters completed the course—an unusually high proportion. There was a great struggle at the end, and the result (illustrated on page 622) was in doubt to the end. As noted under the photograph of the finish, Jack Horner won

by three lengths from Old Tay Bridge, which had been first over the last fence, as he was in last year's race. Bright's Boy was third, a length behind Old Tay Bridge, and Sprig was fourth. Then followed Darracq, Master Billie, Misconduct, Thrown In, Pop Ahead, Dwarf of the Forest, Gerald L., Soldier Bill, Red Bee, and Ben Cruchan. The favourite, Mr. W. H. Midwood's Silvo, and Mr. W. Hume's Irish horse, Grechan Wave, were among those who came to grief at the first fence. The white horse, Sir H. Meux's White Surrey, led at first, and Mr. S. Sanford's Mount Etna was at one time ahead.

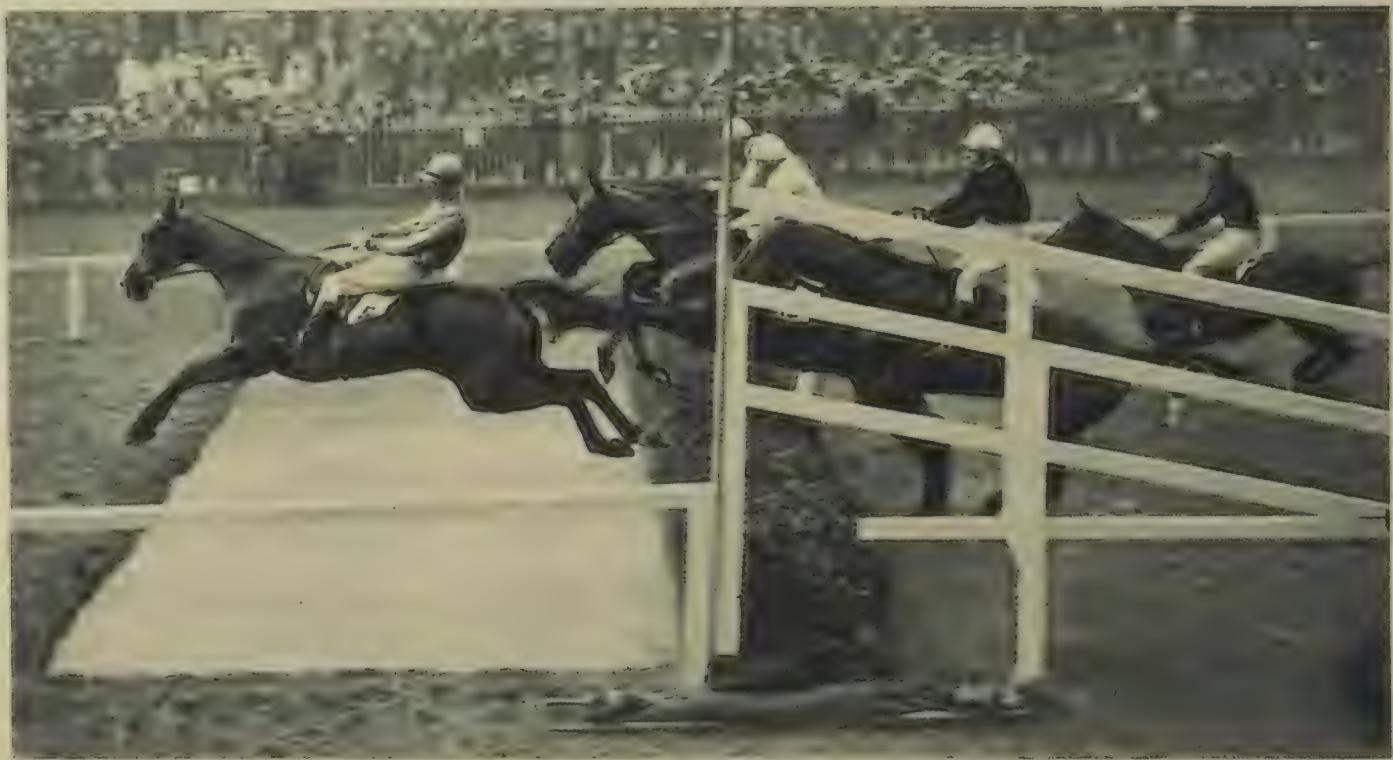
THE GRAND NATIONAL: AN AMERICAN OWNER'S VICTORY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. AND CENTRAL PRESS.



ALWAYS A SCENE OF MISHAPS: BECHER'S BROOK, ONE OF THE STIFFEST FENCES IN THE FOUR-AND-A-HALF MILE COURSE AT AINTREE—SEVERAL FALLS DURING THE FIRST TIME ROUND.

WITH MR. S.
SANFORD'S
BRIGHT'S BOY
(E. DOYLE UP),
WHO FINISHED
THIRD, LEADING :
HORSES TAKING
THE WATER
JUMP IN THE
GRAND NATIONAL
STEEPLECHASE
AT AINTREE.



THE FINISH OF THE GRAND NATIONAL: MR. A. C. SCHWARTZ'S JACK HORNER (W. WATKINSON UP) WINS BY THREE LENGTHS FROM MRS. W. H. DIXON'S OLD TAY BRIDGE (J. R. ANTHONY UP), WITH MR. S. SANFORD'S BRIGHT'S BOY (E. C. DOYLE UP), THIRD.

The Grand National, run at Aintree on March 26, was won by Jack Horner, a nine-year-old horse belonging to an American owner, Mr. A. C. Schwartz, who had bought the horse only a week before for 5000 guineas. The veteran Old Tay Bridge was first over the last fence, as last year, but again had the hard luck

to be beaten by a horse that was able to finish faster. Jack Horner came in three lengths in front of Old Tay Bridge, and one length behind the latter was Bright's Boy. Jack Horner had started at 25 to 1 against, Old Tay Bridge at 8 to 1, and Bright's Boy at 25 to 1.

A DRAMATIC BOAT-RACE: THE UNPRECEDENTED BREAKDOWN OF OXFORD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. KEYSTONE, AND C.N.



THE LONGEST NECK-AND-NECK STRUGGLE SINCE 1909: THE CREWS ABOUT LEVEL AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE, WHERE CAMBRIDGE SPURTED.



AFTER THE OXFORD BREAKDOWN: THE BOATS AS SEEN FROM BARNES BRIDGE, WITH CAMBRIDGE A LONG WAY AHEAD, NEARING THE FINISH.



AT THE POINT WHERE NO. 5 IN THE OXFORD BOAT SUDDENLY COLLAPSED AND CAMBRIDGE (NEARER THE CAMERA) SHOT AHEAD, TO WIN BY FIVE LENGTHS: THE CREWS, STILL ALMOST LEVEL, PASSING THE TRAINING-SHIP "STORK" ABOVE HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.



SHOWING NO. 5 (MR. H. R. A. EDWARDS), WHOSE UNFORTUNATE COLLAPSE WAS THE TURNING-POINT OF THE STRUGGLE, PROSTRATE IN THE BOAT: THE OXFORD CREW AFTER THE FINISH OF THE RACE AT MORTLAKE.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race, rowed on March 27, was marked by an unprecedented incident, which proved decisive. After the two crews had rowed practically level for over ten minutes—the longest neck-and-neck period since the race of 1909—to a point beyond Hammersmith Bridge and opposite the training-ship "Stork," near Chiswick Eytot, No. 5 in the Oxford boat, Mr. H. R. A. Edwards, became much distressed, and had to stop rowing. After a time he partially recovered, with the aid of No. 4, who pushed him up on his slide again,

but for the rest of the race he was unable to pull his weight. On this breakdown in the Oxford boat, Cambridge rapidly went ahead, and won by five lengths, the greatest margin in any race since the war. Of the seven post-war races (from 1920-6 inclusive), Cambridge have now won six, the exception being that of 1923. Oxford, however, are still three victories to the good on the whole record. Of the seventy-eight races rowed, Oxford have won forty, Cambridge thirty-seven, and one (in 1877) was a dead-heat.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, MORTIMER, C.P., BARRATT, PHOTOPRESS, S.AND G., P. AND A., TOPICAL, "TIMES," LAFAYETTE, AND CUCCIA.



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA: LORD SOMERS, D.S.O., M.C.



AWARDED THE ORDER OF THE NILE (3RD CLASS): MR. HOWARD CARTER.



RECENTLY SENTENCED AT SOUSSE: LIEUT. J. R. J. MACNAMARA.



HEIR TO THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL: COL. NAWABZADA HAMIDULLA KHAN.



NEW M.P. FOR BOTHWELL: MR. JOSEPH SULLIVAN (LAB.).



A WELL-KNOWN PUBLICIST: THE LATE SIR HEDLEY LE BAS.



THE WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL AND HIS JOCKEY: JACK HORNER AND W. WATKINSON.



SHORTLY BEFORE HIS EAR TROUBLE AND OPERATION: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE GRAFTON HUNT RACES.



THE OWNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL WINNER AND HIS JOCKEY: MR. A. C. SCHWARTZ AND W. WATKINSON.



STUDYING IN PARIS: HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM (VINN THUY), WHO SUCCEEDED LAST YEAR.



THE NEW PRETENDER TO THE FRENCH THRONE: THE DUKE OF GUISE.



PRETENDER TO THE FRENCH THRONE: THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS.



THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FASCIST PARTY: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI TAKING THE SALUTE.

Lord Somers is to succeed the Earl of Stradbroke. He served throughout the Great War, and he became a Lord-in-Waiting in 1924. He married Miss Daisy Finola Meeking in 1921.—King Fuad of Egypt has honoured Mr. Howard Carter, who has done such splendid work in connection with the Tutankhamen discoveries, by conferring upon him the Order of the Nile (Third Class).—Lieut. J. R. J. Macnamara, 3rd City of London (Territorial) Regiment, who was sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Sousse, on a charge of subversive political action in Tunisia, reported in London at the end of last week. Mr. Macnamara lodged an appeal, and his counsel has said that his client will appear before the

Algiers Court on the appointed day.—Colonel Nawabzada Hamidulla Khan, only surviving son of the Begum of Bhopal, has been recognised as the heir to that ruler's throne, instead of a grandson.—Sir Hedley le Bas was Governing Director of the Caxton Publishing Co. During the war he was Publicity Adviser to the War Office and the Treasury; and he was Joint Secretary of the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund.—The Prince of Wales was to have attended the Grand National, but ear-trouble, following an influenza cold, intervened; and on March 29 a small operation was performed to incise the drum.—The Emperor of Annam is twelve.—Philip Duke of Orleans was the Head of the House of France.



THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA

There is something about a life at sea that seems to bring to its followers a smiling outlook, a kindly heartiness and a balanced generosity. But these happy qualities are known ashore too for most men know.....

DEWAR'S



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IN
ENGLAND'
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on
DUNLOP
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You know they have been made, for years, at FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM. They are recognised to-day, as the standard by which all tyres are judged. We stand behind every tyre we make so that

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DUNLOP RUBBER CO LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM.
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



ON THE HOMEWARD ROUTE FROM THE RIVIERA : AVIGNON—NOTRE DAME DES DOMS, A FAMOUS LANDMARK OF PROVENCE.

Avignon, which is perhaps the most interesting city of Roman France, rich in historical relics, is becoming a favourite halting-place for visitors on their way home from the Riviera. Its most prosperous period in former days was during the fourteenth century, from 1309 to 1377, when it was the residence of seven Popes, from Clement V. to Gregory XI. The Cathedral of Notre Dame des Doms (*dominorum*) stands on a rock beside the Palace of the Popes, part of one of

whose towers is seen on the right in our photograph. The church was founded in the fourth century, but the building dates from the twelfth, and the tower was rebuilt in 1425. The statue of the Virgin surmounting it was erected in 1859. Five years earlier the poet Mistral and others founded at Avignon the well-known literary society called the *Félibrige*, with the object of reviving the Provençal language and literature.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

"THE QUEEN always chooses the best," is what everyone said when they saw her Majesty's purchases at the Royal Amateur Art Exhibition, and there were very many of them. There are times when her Majesty has other motives than acquiring the best and proving her knowledge of art and her faultless taste. There are artists who owe many orders to the Queen. Having seen something quite good hanging or standing during several visits to a gallery, her Majesty has purchased it, hoping to influence patronage for the creator. Always it has been secured, for, apart from a loyal following, the Queen has an admiring following which acknowledges her capacity to choose good work.

There can be no doubt that the equestrian art is one to which one must in a sense be born. Good riders can, and are, made, but the best are born. Certainly Miss Joan Bickley, aged ten, daughter of Mr. K. Bickley, of Shrewsbury, who has won eighty-six prizes (eighty-five of them firsts), is a born rider. Her earliest efforts were when she was seen astride of a large dog, which naturally resented such a proceeding, but could no more get rid of her than Sinbad of his Old Man of the Sea. Later, soon after she had accomplished the art of walking, her father gave her a pony. She now owns a string of ponies, and is a great favourite at shows, hardly one of which she leaves without a prize. She rides astride, and her balance is superb. Her hands are fine, and she is always in tune with her mount. She is quite unspoiled, and enjoys her riding as much as people at the shows enjoy seeing her at it.

A thing in which a girl still in her twenties could not be expected to excel is the breaking of motor speed and distance records. This has been done by an English girl from Cobham, who has broken many records, and gone through a test of endurance which many trained men could not stand, in trying for the world's record of travelling 10,000 miles in 10,000 minutes. She has, of course, driven a great deal, and very well, but the speed and endurance requisite for this record were very exceptional. In the course of the test she broke many other records, and on her return from Milan will receive recognition of a feat very unusual for a woman, especially a young one. Miss Violette Cordery, the heroine of this wonderful ride, is very quiet and modest, intensely interested in cars and what they can do, and thoroughly enjoys life.

The Hon. Mrs. William Forbes-Sempill will enjoy the beautiful land of Greece and its charming climate. Her husband, the Master of Sempill, is the new adviser in aviation to the Greek Government. He organised the Japanese Naval Air Service, and had much practical experience of flying during

Baron; he is thirty-three, and has already had a distinguished career. His father served in the Sudan, the South African War (when he was wounded, and had a medal with five clasps), and again in the Great War, when he commanded the 8th Battalion of the Black Watch, and was severely wounded, mentioned in despatches, and got three medals.

Princess Juliana of Holland will celebrate her seventeenth birthday on the 30th instant. An anonymous correspondent in Boston sends me the gist of a talk she had with a Dutch lady who had returned to Boston after a visit to Holland. She said that this time next year, when Princess Juliana comes of age, the Dutch States General will proclaim her as Princess of Orange, heiress to the throne of the Netherlands, and will give her a palace of her own at the Hague, and her own household and income. Her people hope that she will marry before she is twenty, and many hope that her husband may be Viscount Trematon, whom they call Prince Rupert

of Teck. He has been to the Hague and met his cousin, who is two years his junior. They would like an English Prince Consort, and they know and like his mother, who has been in Holland several times, her aunt being the Queen Dowager. Princess Juliana, named after Countess Juliana, wife of William the Silent, is not like her mother in temperament.

She likes life and society and amusement, and, unlike Queen Wilhelmina, cares little about politics, which she does not profess to understand. Her social gifts are undoubtedly, and the Dutch aristocracy look forward to a much gayer time when she takes a social lead, as she will do

when she is married, and before that as Princess of Orange. The people want a clever young Prince for her, and are by no means keen for a wealthy one, as it is their wish that he be naturalised and become wholly Dutch. Queen Wilhelmina, who has lived a very quiet life, is immensely wealthy, the Nassau Royal Family being the richest in Europe, so the Princess will be an heiress to a very great extent. One of the sons of the Crown Prince of Sweden, a grandson of the Duke of Connaught, is also talked of by Dutch people as a possible husband for their Princess. Prince Gustavus, the eldest, could not leave his own country, to the throne of which he is second heir. The second son, Prince Sigvard, is two years older than Princess Juliana, and his grandfather, the King of Sweden, is second cousin to Queen Wilhelmina. It is natural for a people to think of and discuss the affairs matrimonial of the heiress to the throne. Their plans, however, like the best laid of mice and men, may "gang agley." The Princess will have a say in the matter!

Princess Juliana's mother, the present Queen of the Netherlands, is a daughter of King William III., who died in 1890, when she was but ten years of age. Her mother, Queen Emma, was Regent until 1898. The Princess's father is Prince Henry of Mecklenburg, who became a naturalised Dutch subject on the occasion of his marriage to the Queen, and bears the title of Prince of the Netherlands. He is an Admiral of the Dutch Navy, and Lieutenant-General of the Dutch and Indo-Dutch Armies.

Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard is one of our best-known hostesses. She has a fine house (108, Lancaster Gate) in which she has exercised her well-known taste in original and effective decorations. Very handsome, dark-eyed, dark-haired, tall and slight, with a fine knowledge of dress suiting her own individuality, she is a picturesque figure wherever she may be. She is the elder of the two surviving sisters of Sir Thomas Ainsworth of Ardanaiseig.

Last season Lady Massereene was chaperoning a niece of Lord Massereene; this coming season she will bring out her daughter, the Hon. Diana Clotworthy-Skeffington, although she has entered her seventeenth year by only a few weeks. She is a granddaughter of Major

A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY HOSTESS:
THE VISCONTESS MASSEREENE AND
FERRARD.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Whyte-Melville, the sportsman-author, and is like him in her love of sport and horses.

Mrs. Court-Treatt, who with her husband, Major Court-Treatt, secured public recognition at the Hyde Park Hotel of their expedition by motor-car from the Cape to Cairo, is a little, dainty-looking lady, who went through many vicissitudes cheerfully, and, on the whole, greatly enjoyed a unique experience for a member of our majority sex. Her husband testified to her pluck, endurance, and good comradeship throughout a perilous and very trying journey, and also said that her resourcefulness was above praise. The reception at the Hyde Park Hotel was attended by many very well-known people, including Lord and Lady Aberconway, Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, and Lady Shaftesbury; and special messages were received from the Duke of York and Prince Arthur of Connaught.

Lady Maud Hoare, wife of the Air Minister, is a tall, dignified, and distinguished-looking woman, step-sister of Earl Beauchamp. On the 30th she named five aeroplanes, four after cities of the Empire—London, Melbourne, Ottawa, and Pretoria. The fifth, in compliment to America, she named the *City of New York*.

The machines belong to the Imperial Airways, and the ceremony was at the Croydon Aerodrome. Sir Samuel Hoare, whose career has been most distinguished, is of Irish extraction. His ancestor, Major Edward Hoare, was an officer in Cromwell's army, and got grants of land in County Cork. The family has, however, been for several generations in England. Sir Samuel's father had Sidestrand, Cromer, now Sir Samuel's residence.

A. E. L.



WINNER OF EIGHTY-SIX PRIZES FOR HORSEMANSHIP AT THE AGE OF TEN:
MISS JOAN BICKLEY.
Photograph by Photopress.



WIFE OF THE LEADER OF THE COURT-TREATT CAPE-TO-CAIRO EXPEDITION: MRS. COURT-TREATT.
Photograph by Bassano.



WIFE OF THE NEW ADVISER IN AVIATION TO THE GREEK GOVERNMENT: THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM FORBES-SEMPILL.
Photograph by Arbutnott.

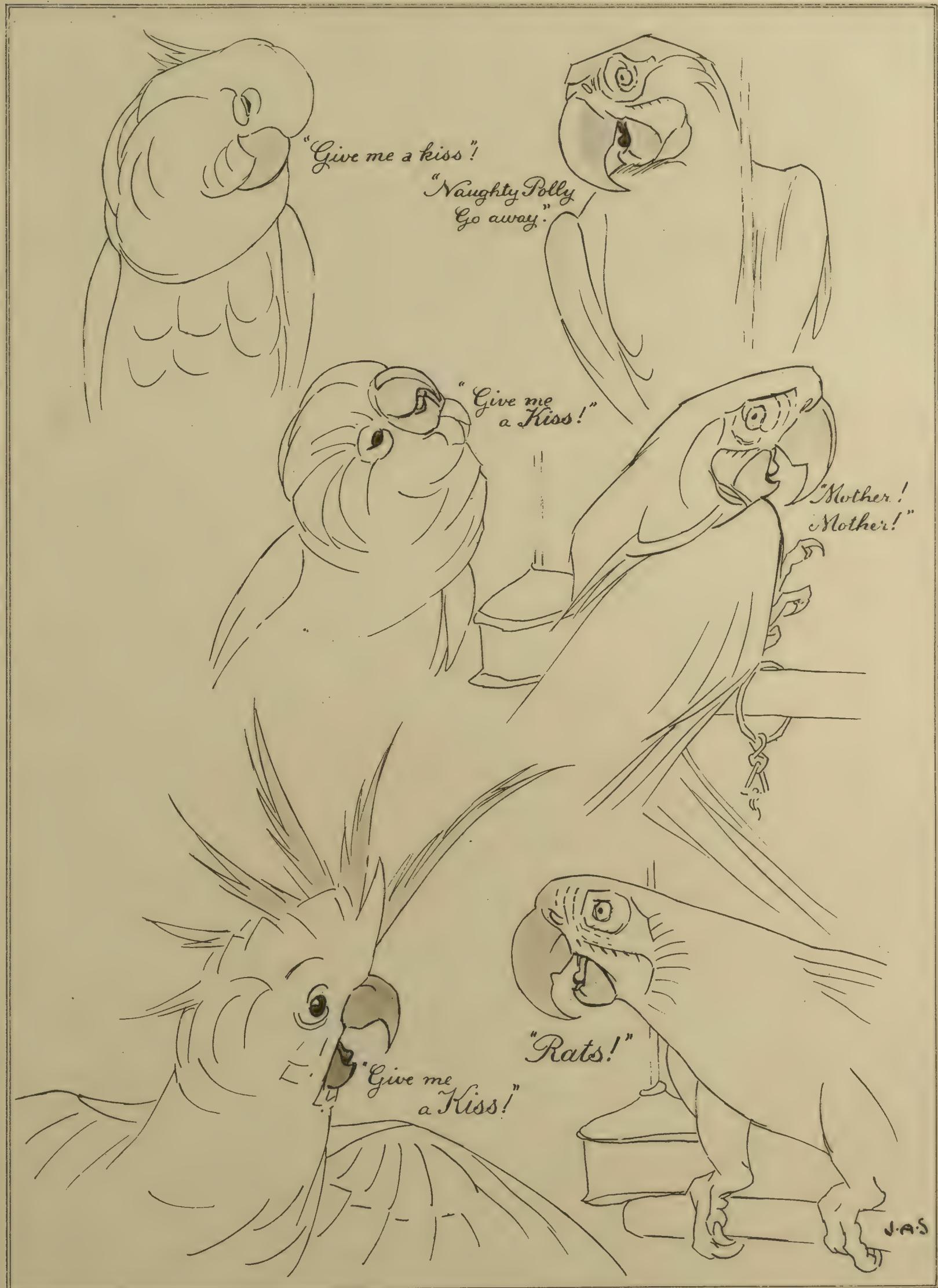
the war. His wife is the daughter of Sir John Lavery, R.A., and is a handsome woman, dark-haired and dark-eyed, with finely-cut features. Her mother, Sir John's first wife, was Miss Kathleen MacDermott, and Mrs. Forbes-Sempill's name is Eileen. She has two little girls, Anne Moira and June Mary. The Master of Sempill is an only son, and his father is the eighteenth



WIFE OF THE AIR MINISTER AND NAMER OF 'PLANES: LADY MAUD HOARE.
Photograph by Arbutnott.

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XI.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE POLLY DIALOGUES: COURTSHIP IN THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS—AN EPISODE IN THE PARROT HOUSE.

On entering the Parrot House [writes Mr. Shepherd] one is greeted with a volley of "Hallos"—metallic, hysterical, mechanical "Hallos"—supplemented with ear-piercing shrieks. You are rather sorry you have ventured in. But wait a moment! A sulphur-crested Cockatoo will announce, "Give me a kiss!" Nora, a blue-and-yellow Macaw, who hangs on a perch near-by,

responds with, "Naughty Polly! Go away." Sulphur-crested Cockatoo again says, "Give me a kiss!" Nora calls, "Mother, Mother!" Sulphur-crested Cockatoo (with emphasis), "Give me a kiss!" Nora: "RATS!" And that appears to end the matter. These birds and many others have a large vocabulary—but no effort comes so apt as the above.

J.A.S.



A trio of charming spring hats which were sketched at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, W. At the top is a petunia felt bound with ribbon; on the right a close-fitting straw adorned with nacre foliage and flowers; and below a wide-brimmed Visca straw trimmed with stone-coloured velvet and water-lilies in lovely colourings.

"Occasional" Jackets for Odd Moments.

Somehow the quaint little jackets which accompany indiscriminately the latest toilettes designed for any moment of the day—or evening—remind one irresistibly of those "occasional" tables which appear here and there in a room, apparently part of no special scheme, yet adding the final touch. In the same way fashion has designed quite a collection of odd coats, short, straight, and secured perhaps by a single link button, which may be worn with sports clothes, and afternoon or evening frocks. For sports, it is usually fashioned of kasha or flannel in some bright colour over a jumper suit of wool or cloth in a contrasting shade. At lunch-time, when the suit is discarded for an afternoon frock, the same little jacket may be worn with a dress of printed crêpe-de-Chine, or a dark one is substituted to contrast with the gayness of the dress. Even at formal "at-homes" the jacket reappears, and in a most useful rôle, for its long sleeves will convert an evening frock into an afternoon one without any difficulty. And this is achieved without the dreaded appearance of "usefulness," for it is now the most frivolous affair imaginable, carried out in taffeta, plain and plaid, in broderie anglaise, or in stripes of very broad ribbon, and boasts a decided waistline from which spring flutes and godets. The evening jackets are for frankly decorative purposes. They are created in net and chiffon, or even tulle, embroidered, one with butterfly wings in opalescent paillettes, and another wrought with curious Chinese dragons in coral.

The More Serious Side of the Short Coat.

The revival of the mode for the tailored coat and skirt will please the Englishwoman especially, for in it she ably achieves that well-groomed air which is characteristically hers the world over. The smartest suits are perfectly plain and devoid of all trimmings, but they have skirts contrasting slightly with the coats. One attractive model, for instance, carried out in the new soft flannel, has the black coat faintly flecked with white and the skirt very slightly overchecked; while another has the skirt in a slightly darker shade than the brown of the coat. The coats are short, slightly waisted, and are worn with waistcoats and buttonholes in every colour of the rainbow, not to mention the fascinating shirt jumpers of crêpe-de-Chine completed with the amusing "lightning" fasteners which alter the shape of the collar in the fraction of a second!

Attractive Hats in Felt and Straw.

It is a foregone conclusion that every woman buys a new hat at Easter, and the trio pictured above from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, offer a delightful variation from which to choose. For the hat which must prove really useful as well as smart, nothing could be happier than the high-crowned petunia felt at the top. The price is 21s. 9d. Below is a wide-brimmed hat of mauve Visca straw

APRIL SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS FIND US EQUIPPED WITH AMUSING LITTLE JACKETS AND CAPES WHICH ARE USEFUL AS WELL AS DECORATIVE.

trimmed with stone-coloured velvet ribbon and flowers. It costs 3 gns.; while 3½ gns. will purchase the smaller straw on the right with the draped crown and a posy of exquisite flowers with shimmering "nacre" foliage. Pretty bangkoks in every colour of the rainbow trimmed with velvet are obtainable in these salons for 35s., and crochet Visca straws which will roll up without coming to any harm can be secured for 12s. 11d. This firm is always famous for its wide variety of exceedingly inexpensive hats which are ideal for the holiday season, and felts in the newest shapes can be secured for 10s.

Tailored Suits and Coats.

Spring time is the season when a coat and skirt is indispensable. It may be perfectly plain, but the tailoring and cut must be faultless. It is always quite safe to leave this important matter in the hands



A perfectly cut suit for town and country carried out in grey lovat suiting. It must be placed to the credit of Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W.

of Kenneth Durward, the well-known firm of Ulster House, Conduit Street, W., who are responsible for the suit pictured on this page. Built of grey lovat suiting, it is slightly shaped to the waist, with a straight panel back. Coats and skirts will be made to order from 10 guineas, according to the material used. A special note must be made of the "Lonsdale" double-breasted race-coat costing 7 guineas, carried out in fancy homespun and suiting of all shades. And for really bad weather is the "Durward" weatherproof, which can be secured for 4½ guineas. It is lined throughout with the same material, and has a deep sleeve to slip on easily over a sports suit. For golf and motoring are delightful

suede coats almost three-quarter length, available in lovely colours for 94s. 6d., while suede hats to match are 37s. 6d. Felts in many colours for sports and country wear are 21s. each.

Lingerie Ribbons that Wash.

It is always troublesome, and more especially during holiday time, to remove ribbons from lingerie before each washing-day. The difficulty can be avoided, however, by using Cash's washing ribbons, which never lose their colour or freshness, and are available in several widths, plain, brocaded, and embroidered, and in the loveliest shades. A yard or so trimming a nightie or boudoir cap such as those pictured here makes all the difference to their appearance, and, once on, the ribbons give no further trouble, a considerable advantage in these strenuous days. Cash's ribbons are sold everywhere, but, should any difficulty be experienced, application should be made direct to H. and J. Cash, Coventry.

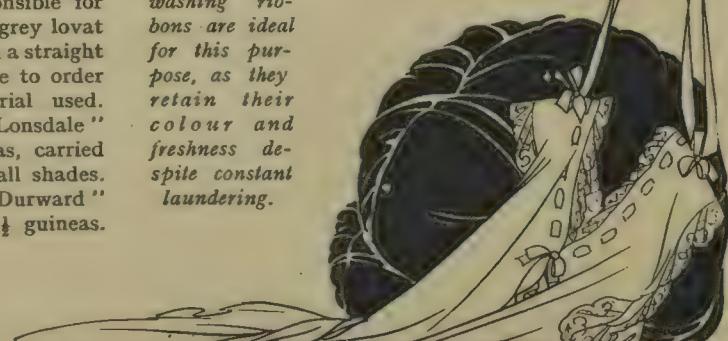
Inexpensive Outfits for the Spring.

An interesting catalogue of spring and summer modes has just been issued by Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., and will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper. Amongst its pages are included attractive two-piece suits in repp, the frock completed with a deep jabot front, costing £6 6s.; while £2 7s. 6d. will secure a well-cut little coat-frock of wool marocain with inverted pleats and trimmings of a contrasting shade. For an older woman is a delightful house frock in a silk and wool material, opening coat-fashion on a different colour and prettily embroidered, available for £5 5s. There are evening frocks, too, of crêpe georgette obtainable for £5 15s. 6d.; and frocks of striped washing crêpe-de-Chine, pleated to allow complete freedom of movement, are £3 19s. 6d.

New Jumper Suits for the Spring.

There is no doubt that the spring mannequin parades will include many jumper suits amongst the new fashions. There is one for every hour of the day—in repp, well tailored, for mornings in town; in stockinette and flannel, for sports; and in crêpe-de-Chine or some decorative material for afternoons. Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., are making a speciality of these jumper suits for the early spring. There are several attractive variations; edgings and loops of ribbon trim one carried out in suiting with a pleated skirt, and another of cross-bar repp is completed with belt and long streamer tie of crêpe-de-Chine. Many lovely colours are available, including pansy, apple-green, petunia, etc., and the price of each is 7 guineas. One of striped Scotch tweed, cut on practical lines with inverted pleats at the sides, is available for 4½ guineas, ideal for town, sports, or country wear.

Ribbons soft and silky add a charm to lingerie which appeals to every woman, and Cash's washing ribbons are ideal for this purpose, as they retain their colour and freshness despite constant laundering.



FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD



Racing Club de France: Track and Club House,
Parc de la Croix Catelan, Bois de Boulogne

JUST forty-four years ago some fifteen keen Parisian youngsters banded themselves together and organised regular foot races on Thursdays, Sundays and all holidays in the hall of St. Lazare Station. Such was the humble beginning of the great institution which to-day, as the Racing Club de France may justly claim with its five thousand members to be the premier athletic association of the Continent.

In the early eighties the meetings in the Bois de Boulogne soon became a fashionable rendezvous. Then it was *de rigueur* for the runners to assume such pseudonyms as Voltaire, Tristan, Alcyndor, Soukaras and Iroquois, and to wear jockey's costume—jacket, cap and breeches—with black stockings instead of top-boots. They even carried riding whips with which they would flick their calves as they ran: a practice very difficult to picture nowadays!

After the acquisition of the ground in the Bois in 1886, it was not long before the Club began to increase the scope of its activities, so that to-day its name connotes the idea of every kind of sport, from steeplechasing to lawn tennis and basket ball to Rugby.

*Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen
for its unswervingly high standard
of quality, has been John Haig.*



By Appointment.

John Haig

THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES
ESTABLISHED 1627

THE ART OF THE ANCIENT MAYA:

CARVINGS IN AMERICAN JADE.

By THOMAS GANN, F.R.G.S., Member of the Maya Society.

(SEE COLOUR-ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 616.)

OF all the precious stones known to the ancient Maya, that mysterious people who, centuries before the coming of Europeans, had built and deserted the great ruined cities now buried in the dense forests of Central America, green jade was regarded as the most valuable. True jade has never been encountered in natural formation upon the American continent, and it was at first believed that the jade objects found throughout the Maya area, usually associated with human remains, had been brought over by early immigrants to the New World from their original home in Asia. This migration probably took place in successive waves, across the Behring Straits, in late Neolithic days, and extended over a long period of time. It is now recognised, however, that the jade found in America differs markedly in chemical composition from that found elsewhere; and, furthermore, that the American variety occurs only in the form of water-worn pebbles, or ornaments manufactured from these, and that whereas, in the oldest caches found, the objects are plentiful and of large size, they grow gradually less, till in the late period of the New Empire the pieces found are insignificant both in size and number. The inference is perfectly clear. Jade was found by the ancient Maya only in the form of water-worn pebbles lying in the river-beds of certain restricted districts. The larger pieces were naturally

first discovered and used, then the smaller, till, after the lapse of some ten centuries, the supply had been practically exhausted.

Jades belonging to the earliest period (Figs. 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, and 10) show a certain crudity in design and execution, comparable to that exhibited by the great carved stone monoliths of that period. During the later Old Empire, when the Maya civilisation had

had reached the highest point they ever attained, carving on jade had developed *pari passu* with the other arts, and the two objects shown in Figs. 6 and 7—a flat plaque and a child's face respectively—are amongst the most beautiful works of art ever produced by aboriginal Americans. With the fall of the Old Empire, the migration of the Maya from their old home in the south, and the gradual degeneration which overtook them, a corresponding decadence in their art may be traced. A small human face, seen in Fig. 7, the features outlined with the hollow drill, crude and slovenly in execution, which was found at Lubaantun, belongs to the most recent occupation of that city, and shows the last expiring flicker of Maya art before its final extinction soon after the Spanish Conquest.

Figs. 2 to 5 and 8 to 10 show Maya jade ornaments dating from the early Old Empire. They were discovered at the ruined city of Copan, Spanish Honduras, in a large flat mound situated in what is known as Old Copan, the earliest site of the ancient city. Within this were found fragments of a number of sculptured stelæ bearing dates ranging from the end of the second Katun of the ninth Cycle (218 A.D.) to the end of the ninth Katun of the same Cycle (356 A.D.). About six inches beneath the cement floor of the mound was laid bare a large slab of stone, 5 ft. 1 in. long, 2 ft. 9 in. wide, and 1 ft. thick. Immediately under this lay a circular stone disc, 3 ft. 9 in. in diameter and 9 in. thick, forming the roof of a cruciform chamber,

2 ft. deep, lined throughout with blocks of cut stone. At the intersection of its axes lay one of the most remarkable caches of jade ever found in the Maya

(Continued overleaf.)



A DEVASTATING FIRE IN A DEVON VILLAGE: DAMAGE TO HOUSES OVERLOOKING THE SQUARE AT MORETON HAMPSTEAD.

Moreton Hampstead, on the edge of Dartmoor, was the scene of a very serious fire on March 23, and five shops, with the dwelling houses attached, were destroyed, including a branch of the National Provincial Bank, a general store, and the house in which George Parker Bidder, the famous engineer and mathematician, was born. The property was some two hundred years old and, for the most part, of cob and timber. Many thatched cottages were endangered.—[Photograph by I.B.]

reached its apogee, when the whole country was densely populated and covered by flourishing cities, now mere heaps of ruins, and both art and architecture



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Your Easter!

The first holiday of the year should be celebrated in a fitting and special manner! We all feel that—but it is difficult to think of just the right kind of celebration, isn't it? Well, here's a suggestion—give yourself a "Kodak" and your youngster a "Brownie"! Add picture-making to the joys of Spring and you'll have the happiest holiday of your life.

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at Easter, take a
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to show you the latest models

Have you seen the "Kodak" Magazine?
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Kodak Limited, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Continued] area. It consisted of an anthropomorphic figure (Fig. 5) cut from dark green jade, 7.5 in. high, and nicely polished; eight pendants or gorgets of light, translucent, apple-green jade, six of which are shown in Figs. 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10; two pairs of jade ear-plugs; two large tubular beads, bored through their long diameter for suspension; forty spherical jade beads of varying size; thirty sea-shells (*Ara grandis*); a quantity of cinnabar, powdered limestone, and black earth. This heap was surrounded by a trench containing six ounces of mercury. These cruciform vaults at Copan always lie beneath stelae. A second vault in the same mound lay beneath a stela bearing the date 9.9.0.0., or 356 A.D., while the earliest stela in the same mound bore a date corresponding to 218 A.D. Almost certainly this cache dates between the two, probably about the end of the third century A.D.

The little face (Fig. 1) is probably one of the most beautiful products of Maya art in existence. It was washed out from a burial mound in the northern Maya area, by the shifting in its course of one of the branches of the Usamasintla River, and with it was a much larger mask of dark greenstone. The face is almost certainly the portrait of a small Maya girl with a shy little smile just dawning upon it. The larger mask bears a strong family resemblance to the smaller, and they are not improbably father and daughter of some noble or royal family who were both interred in the same mound some 1500 years ago. In Fig. 11 is seen the photograph of a little six-year-old Maya girl of Yucatan, who might very well be the same one who sat to the sculptor for her portrait, so little has the type altered in the fifteen centuries which separate the two. Maya art was so

[Continued top of page.]

this little face.

(The passage describing Fig. 6, at this point, has been placed underneath the illustrations on page 616.)

The small mask (Fig. 7) is vastly inferior both in material and workmanship to the other objects illustrated. It measures 1½ in. in breadth and 1¼ in. in depth; the material is dark-green jade largely

bound down by conventionalism that a realistic sculpture or painting is almost unknown; but that they were capable of producing works of considerable artistic merit is indicated by

mottled with dull grey. The features are outlined by the simple expedient of drilling, with the hollow drill, a circle for the mouth and two segments of circles for the eyes, the latter not even being symmetrical. It was found at Lubaantun, in the south of British Honduras, and belongs to the latest period of that city, being probably a thousand years later than the child's face. It has been introduced because it demonstrates admirably the extraordinary degeneration which had taken place in Maya art since the great period, and also the fact that, the best pebbles of jade having all been used up, very inferior material had to be used at this time for ornaments.

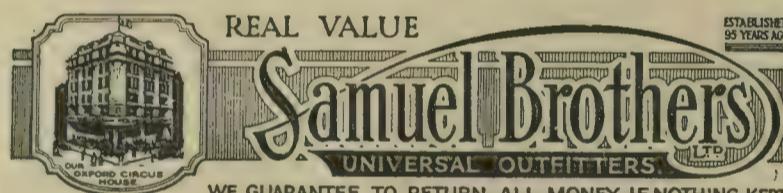
We have seen in these illustrations the fine jade but the crude workmanship of the early period, the beautiful material and fine workmanship of the middle period, and the inferior material and poor workmanship of the latest period, but innumerable gradations are found between these three. When more exploration and excavation has been done in the Maya area, which has hitherto only been scratched, and more material is available, it may be possible to form a stylistic sequence in jades, which will enable us to date them fairly closely, to tell with some accuracy their provenance, and so to trace the course of the great Maya trade routes which we know extended from Mexico to Costa Rica or even further south.



YET ANOTHER COUNTRY HOUSE BURNED OUT: SOPWORTH HOUSE, CHIPPENHAM, WILTS, THE RESIDENCE OF COL. THE HON. ALGERNON FRANCIS STANLEY, ON FIRE AND BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION.

Sopworth House was practically destroyed by fire on March 24. The two children of Col. and Lady Mary Stanley were in the house at the time, but were uninjured and removed to Badminton House. Col. the Hon. Algernon Francis Stanley, D.S.O., is a brother of Lord Derby, and married Lady Mary Cavendish, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster, and widow of Viscount Crichton, in 1918.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

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with three alternative shapes of back as shown in the opposite column.

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Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship
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THE MILTON OVID SCRIPT.

(See Illustrations on Page 605.)

ON page 605 in this number we illustrate a book of remarkable literary interest which Messrs. Sotheby arranged to offer for sale on March 30—namely, a copy of Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book 15, published at Frankfurt in 1563, and containing stanzas of English verse in manuscript pronounced by its owner, Professor Hugh Candy, who discovered it in 1921, to be an unknown early work of Milton, written about 1623, at the age of fifteen. Milton himself records somewhere that, when a schoolboy, he was constantly exercising "in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly the latter." He had already written much verse when he left St. Paul's School for Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1625. It may be recalled, too, that his first published work appeared in a book by another hand—his epitaph on Shakespeare, included in the Second Folio of 1632.

Among other arguments for the authenticity of the Ovid script, the sale catalogue says: "That the handwriting is Milton's is proved by its striking resemblance to his early hand, as shown in the Trinity College Manuscript (Facsimile published by the Cambridge University Press, 1899), and in the Prolusio and Latin verses in Milton's Commonplace Book (published for the Camden Society, 1876; Facsimile of this in the Public Record Office). The Ovid script is doubtless earlier than either of the others, the Prolusio coming second; how close it is to both the other two may be seen in detail from the word cards composed of words taken partly from the Ovid script, partly from the other two (reproduced on page 605). The general character of the script may be seen from the plates, and its resemblance to the poet's later hand may easily be tested by comparison with the facsimiles published in S. L. Sotheby's 'Ramblings in the Illustration of the Autograph of Milton,' 1861.

"The Ovid script is nearest to the writing of the Prolusio, to which it is also nearest in point of date; and it is remarkable that these two manuscripts differ from the later chiefly in their closer resemblance to the late Elizabethan Secretary hand (reproduced in The Library, June, 1922, pl. 9), which was used chiefly by scriveners—and Milton was the son of a scrivener. One curious and unusual feature common to Milton and the writer of the Ovid script is their extensive use of variant forms of the same letter.

"Finally, the writer of this manuscript spells like

Milton; no doubt the orthography of the early seventeenth century was unstable, but, when full allowance is made for this, it is surely remarkable that, without going beyond the word cards, we find both Milton

may be proved from innumerable coincidences of word and phrase and style, of which a few only can be noticed here—

The thing some time she *in her minde revolv'd.*

(Ovid, stanza 77.)

Or some great matter *in his mind revolv'd.*

(Samson Agonistes," v. 1638.)

. . . thinking to wooe the maide

To sport with him, a while within the shade;

(Ovid, stanza 15.)

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade.

(Lycidas, 68.)

"The rhythmical resemblance is quite as significant. It is remarkable to find in these early stanzas the variety of rhythm so characteristic of the 'inventor of harmonies'; it is achieved too in the same way (a) by sometimes stressing an odd syllable to break the orthodox even sequence, (b) by varying the position of the pause or 'break.'

"Both Milton and the Ovid writer are fond of Latinisms—

Absolute construction:

The gods assembled, all of them approue.

(Ovid, stanza 7.)

Then *all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge.*

(Paradise Lost iii, 330.)

"Common to both are what Raleigh called the packed line,' cf. a famous example—

Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and shades of death.

(Paradise Lost ii, 621.)

"In the Ovid script we find—

Craft, treason, violence, envie, lust and pride.

(Stanza 5.)

Eggs, apples, grapes, olives, chese, nutts to eate.

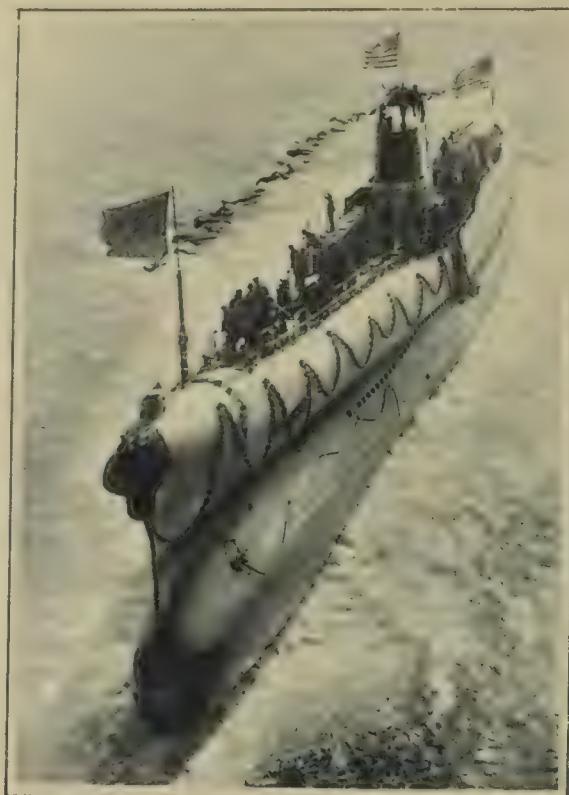
(Stanza 101.)

His sheep, his lambs, his friends, his selfe, an all.

(Stanza 86.)

"It would be easy to multiply examples, but we must refer our readers to Professor Candy's book. Only the hypothesis that these verses were written and composed by Milton will account for all the varied resemblances in writing, spelling, diction, rhythm, and style; we are confident that any reader who examines the evidence carefully and thoroughly will come to the same conclusion.

"The importance of this manuscript then cannot be overestimated; it shows us Milton in the making; and it nearly doubles the number of his autograph verses, practically all the rest of which are contained in the Trinity College Manuscript."



A CRAFT THAT HAS DIVED TO A DEPTH OF 215 FT.
AMERICA'S NEW GIANT SUBMARINE "V.2"

During its diving tests in the Atlantic, the "V.2" reached a depth of 215 ft., a fact it announced by wireless while returning to port.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

and the Ovid scribe writing *amoungst* for *amongst*, *bowes* for *boughs*, and *dos* for *does*, on the very rare occasions when doth is not used; other eccentricities common to both can easily be found.

"The verses then were written by Milton; were they also composed by him? That this also is a fact



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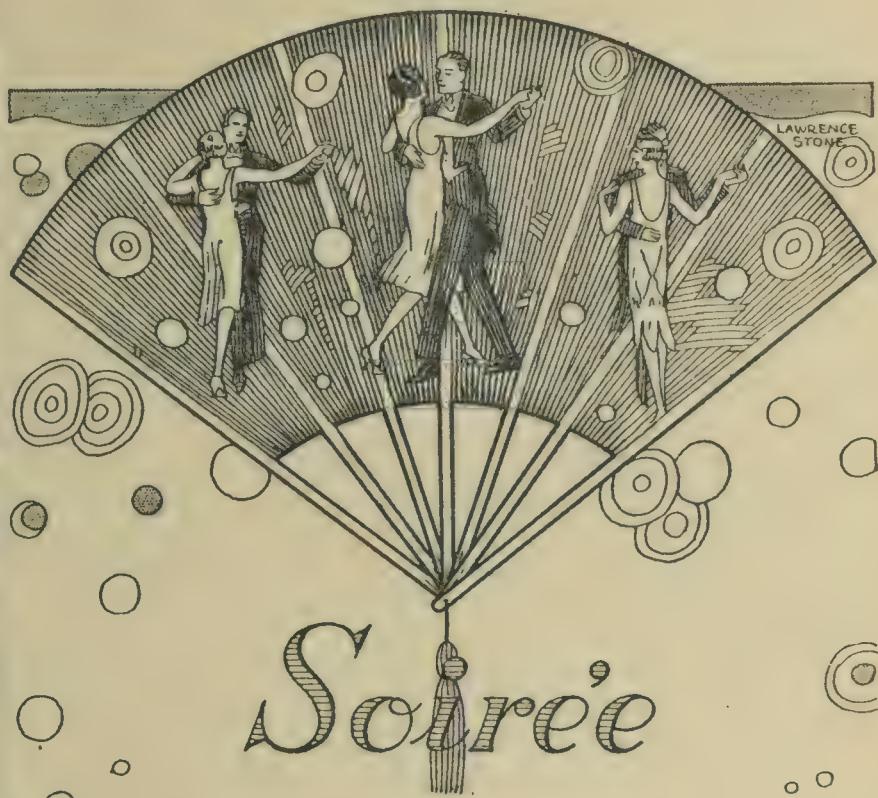
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Gyratory Traffic. The several experiments being tried by the police in London by way of "gyratory traffic" seem, on the whole, to be varying in success. Parliament Square and



AN IDEAL CAR FOR A LADY: A 12-50-H.P. ALVIS TWO-THREE SEATER IN AN ATTRACTIVE SETTING.

The price of the Alvis car shown in this photograph is £485.

the Queen Victoria Memorial circuses are working quite well, and certainly do help to relieve traffic congestion at these points. One thing, however, that is to be said against the idea is that it appears to take three times the number of policemen to work it than were employed under the old scheme of holding up the cross-traffic streams. This is the case even now, when the system of keeping all traffic to the left has been in operation for some weeks.

It would be thought that by this time drivers would have become sufficiently familiar with the rules to make the system virtually self-working; but it looks as though there were certain inherent difficulties which cannot be overcome. It can be understood, perhaps, that a single driver, ignorant of the locality and the rule, could bring the whole thing to the ground; though, on the other hand, such a driver would, if he were possessed of ordinary intelligence, surely see that something unfamiliar was happening, and would follow the example of the rest. It might be as well if the experiment were tried of withdrawing all but, say, two constables from the Parliament Square circus with a view to seeing what would happen. If these circuses are going to absorb policemen at the rate they seem to be doing, before very long, and as the gyratory scheme is extended, we shall be having all the Metropolitan force busy on traffic duty.

If the experiment has been a qualified success at the two points named, the same certainly cannot be said of the latest road junction to be made into a circus. I mean Hyde Park Corner. I went there the other day to see how it was working, and, really, I don't know who seemed the more bewildered—drivers or police. The roads are covered with white lines and arrows which look like a jigsaw puzzle, and nobody seems quite to know what to do. As one very experienced driver said to me: "I got mixed up among the white lines, and in about a minute I didn't know if I was coming or going." There are too many angles and sharp corners to make the place suitable for the new idea in traffic regulation. It may be better later on, when everybody has got used to it, but at the moment I should say there is far more delay to the traffic than ever there was under the old system. As a matter of fact, I don't believe the lay-out of the London streets is in the least suited to gyratory regulation, and I should not be surprised if, after an extended trial, it is abandoned altogether.

Who Pays? I am unable to appreciate the logic of the present parking regulations, which lay down that one may not leave a car in any authorised parking-place for more than two hours. The regulation is directed against car-owners who are, or were, in the habit of leaving their cars all day while they were about their lawful occasions; but, even so, there is a difference between all day and a couple of hours. Then, I think most people object to the licensed messengers who attend at these parking places, give you a ticket for the car with the time of parking written on it, take a tip—practically demand it—when you come for your car, and report you to the police if you have overstayed your time. If I am correctly informed, though, the limit has been reached in St. James's Square, where I am told the police have actually rented a room overlooking the parking-place, so that observation can be kept and daring criminals who leave their cars longer than the allotted period



MODERNITY IN AN ANTIQUE SETTING: A 12-25-H.P. HUMBER CAR IN CHURCH STREET, RYE, THE PICTURESQUE OLD-WORLD TOWN FAMILIAR TO SOUTH COAST TOURISTS.

may be detected and brought to book. Who pays the rent? The ratepayers, I suppose—or does it come out of the fines?

W. W.

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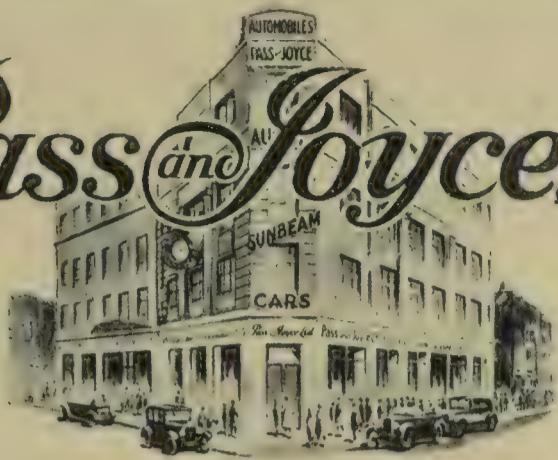
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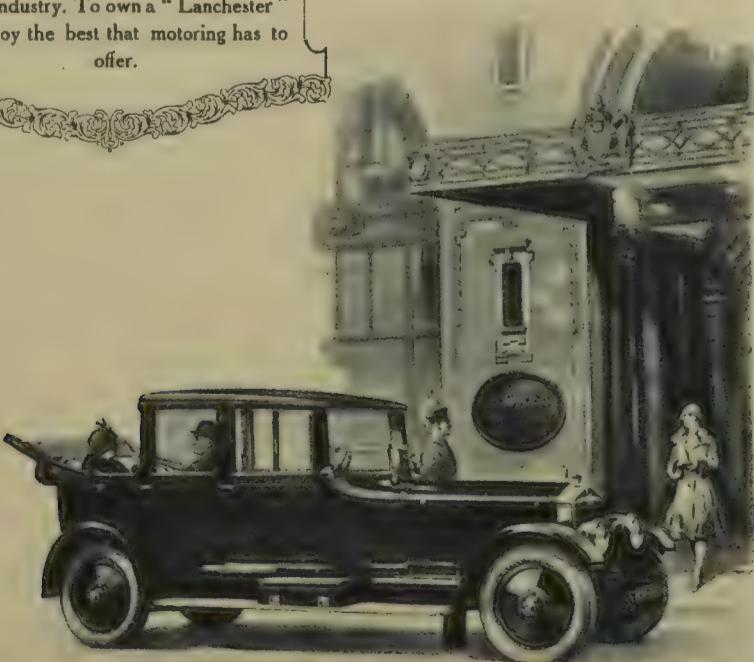
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H.P.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON.

THE London Opera Syndicate, which is responsible for the Grand Opera season at Covent Garden this year—as it was last year and in 1924—announces in a new prospectus practically full details of the operas and artists that will be heard. The season is to open on Monday, May 10, and will last for eight weeks, until Friday, July 2. There will be no Saturday performances. The opera chosen for the opening night is Mozart's "Figaro," which will be sung in German, with that excellent singer, Richard Mayr, who made such a success as Baron Ochs in "Der Rosenkavalier," taking the title rôle. Elizabeth Schumann will appear as Susanna, and Delia Reinhardt as Cherubino, and the performance will be conducted by Bruno Walter.

On the following night, May 11, will begin the one and only complete cycle of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" to be given during the season. "Das Rheingold," on Tuesday, May 11, starting at 8.30, will be followed by "Die Walküre" on Friday, May 14, and by "Siegfried" on Monday, May 17, so that there will be a breathing space between the several numbers of the tetralogy. Both "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried" will begin at five o'clock, and there will be a dinner interval of an hour and a half at the end of the first act. "Die Götterdämmerung" will be given on Wednesday, May 19, and will begin at 4.30, with a dinner interval from 6.30 to 8 o'clock at the end of the first act. The box office will be open for the booking of seats for the complete cycle on April 12, and for single performances of the cycle on April 26.

I should like to emphasise the fact that in my experience it is impossible to appreciate to the full the qualities of the "Ring" unless it is heard in its entirety without cuts, as it is to be given this season. I admit that to listen properly to an opera which begins at five o'clock and ends about eleven o'clock calls for no small powers of mental endurance, but these mental ardours are extraordinarily worth while,

ment needed by any but the weakest minds. But I would emphasise the necessity of a light meal only, because it is impossible to listen to such music properly after a heavy dinner, and to attempt to do so sets up a feud between the upper and the lower regions of man. It will be well to reserve one's enjoyment of food until supper after the theatre. Those who are accustomed only to hear Wagnerian extracts in the concert hall, or the truncated versions given so frequently in the theatre, cannot imagine how much of the effect is lost thereby. The supposed *longueurs* are not *longueurs* at all if one understands what is happening and is comfortably seated and able to give one's undivided attention to the music. In fact, these periods of apparent quiescence are essential to the full effect of the moments of climax, which lose enormously by being, as it were, telescoped together. In art, as in life, there are no short cuts to perfection, and Wagner understood the nature of his own genius when he composed the operas on so gigantic a scale, and, of course, it should go without saying that the "Ring" must be heard as a whole.

In this year's performance of the "Ring" we shall hear again some of the singers who have made such a favourable impression during the last two seasons. Frida Leider, Gertrud Kappel, and Maria Olczewska, with Emil Schipper, Eduard Habich, Richard Mayr, Albert Reiss, and Lauritz Melchior, will all appear in the "Ring." Among the new German tenors are Fritz Krauss and Rudolf Laubenthal, who will be heard either in the "Ring" or in "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger," and "Figaro,"

which are the only other operas to be given in German this season.

On this occasion there will be no division between the German and the Italian seasons, which is a sensible

[Continued overleaf.]



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It was reported the other day that the Nelson Pillar, which has stood in Sackville Street since 1808, is to be removed during the present year, on the ground that it is a serious hindrance to modern traffic. The City Commissioners are said to have provided £1500 in their estimates for the work. At present, at all events, nothing has been said about the re-erection of the monument.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

for they give one that intense pleasure which only the hard exercise of our highest faculties in following the imagination of genius can confer. The interval of an hour and a half for a light dinner is all the refresh-

which are the only other operas to be given in German this season.

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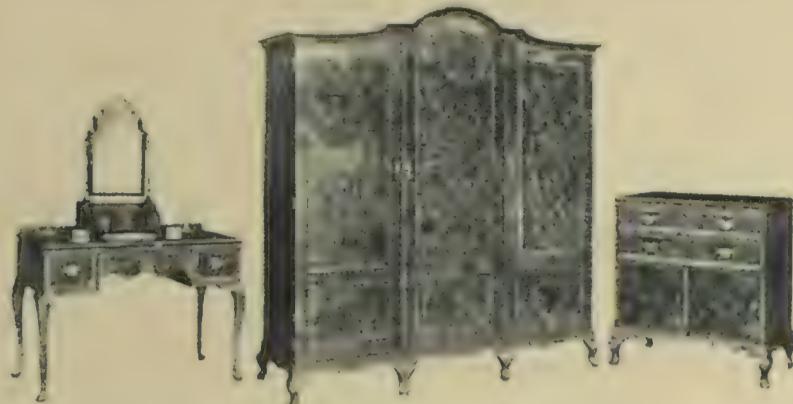
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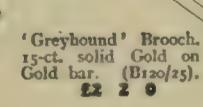
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Continued. arrangement, especially as practically all the Italian operas to be given this year are good. Bruno Walter will conduct the German and Vincenzo Bellezza the Italian operas, but "Don Giovanni," which will be given in Italian, is to be conducted by Bruno Walter. There is little doubt but that "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" will be the great successes of the season. It is some time since these two great comic masterpieces of Mozart have been heard at Covent Garden at all, and a very long time since they have been performed with the perfection which is essential to do justice to their extraordinary power and beauty. "Don Giovanni" is without question the greatest comic opera

in existence, and one evidence of its supreme quality is that throughout almost the whole of the nineteenth century it was regarded as a tragedy and performed as such. In order to emphasise the tragic note, it has been the custom to omit the concluding quintet, which restored the atmosphere of comedy after the tragic finale of the Don. This year, however, the quintet will be performed, in order to make clear—so we are told—the fact that "Don Giovanni" is a comic opera. But, as a matter of fact, "Don Giovanni" is neither comic nor tragic, but a marvellous blend of both, and it is just here that its unique character lies. It resembles, in this respect, the plays of Tchekov, with their wonderful interweaving of humour and sadness, of gaiety and grief,

of lightness and intensity. To consider "Don Giovanni" merely as comic opera when the scene at supper, where the Statue comes to take away Don Giovanni, is as thrilling and tremendously dramatic as the finest scenes in Wagner's "Ring," is obviously absurd.

The part of Don Giovanni is to be played by an Italian baritone, Mariano Stabile, who comes from La Scala, Milan, with a very good reputation, and Marcel Journet is to be the Leporello. Two

which has not been sung at Covent Garden for very many years. In this opera the great Russian singer and actor, Chaliapine, will make his appearance as Mefistofele, and this is a rôle which gives him the opportunities he requires. Another singer with a reputation for histrionic ability is Maria Jeritza, who has had great success in New York in Wolf Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna," in which she will appear at Covent Garden. She will also take the title rôle in Massenet's "Thaïs," which is one of the three French operas that will be given. The others are the same composer's "Manon" and Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole," which will be played the same night as Puccini's short opera, "Gianni Schicchi."

Some people will regret the absence of any Russian operas from the season's programme. There is no doubt a large body of amateurs who would welcome the opportunity of hearing Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounov," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or," and other Russian operas which have never been performed in London. But no doubt the London Syndicate is reserving these until the proper time.

The historical event of the forthcoming season will be the farewell appearance at Covent Garden of Nellie Melba. It will be thirty-six years since her first appearance there, and the King and Queen her farewell performance.



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of the sopranos will probably be Lotte Lehmann and Elizabeth Schumann; and, provided there is a good Don Ottavio, the performance under Bruno Walter ought to be a memorable one.

The most interesting of the Italian operas are Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff," and Boito's "Mefistofele,"



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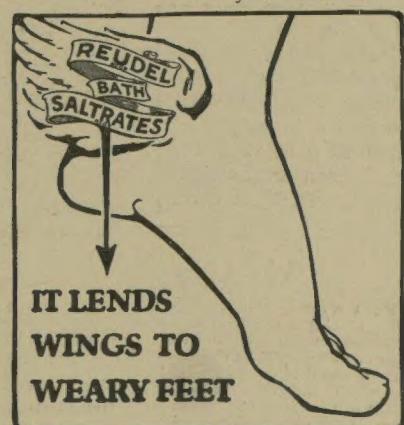
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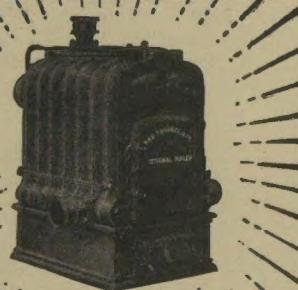
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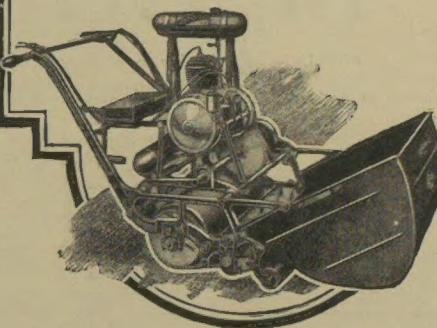
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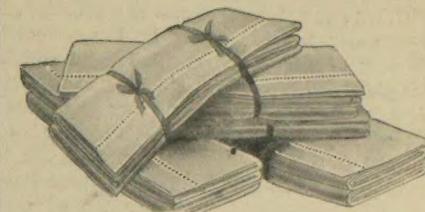
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PRINCE FAZIL." AT THE NEW.

AN Arab sheikh married to a Parisienne and being having with Western mildness until she gives a sisterly kiss to a former man-friend, when he storms with rage and, failing to secure a promise of submission, leaves her for his castle in Fez—that is the first chapter of the cheap romance with which Mr. Ainley has followed up his "Much Ado" revival at the New Theatre. The second act is all local colour of Morocco—slabs of colour. Coming with a party of European tourists, the wife sets herself to recapture her husband, and does so, after there has been much banging of gongs, much chatter of odalisques, an example of summary Moorish justice, and an elaborate display of the costumes and manners of an Arab kaid's court. Six months pass, and the Paris lady has grown tired of harem life and angry at being unable to secure a divorce; she plans a rescue of herself, and Prince Fazil is left behind seemingly dead. He was only knocked unconscious, however, and in the final act turns up at Biarritz, where Arab husband and Western wife, still in love but dubious about their future married happiness, die together on a sofa with the help of a poison ring. The play is adapted from Pierre Frondaie's "L'Insoumise." Mr. Henry Ainley is the sheikh, Miss Madge Titheradge

plays the heroine, and that is all there is to say about it, save that their acting is exceptionally skilful and worthy better material. That so fine a Benedick and a Beatrice should come to this pass is rather a melancholy spectacle to contemplate.

"SUMMER LIGHTNING," AT THE COMEDY.

Byron has a lot to answer for, but it is a trifle unfair to the poet to fasten on him or a phrase of his, as the women characters in "Summer Lightning" seem to do, responsibility for the extravagances of such a mixture of farce and melodrama as is Mr. Ernest Denny's new stage story bearing this title. "Love is of man's life a thing apart," murmur these young brides, to explain the oddity of husbands who desert them because of excessive enthusiasm for aviation; but the wives behave as oddly as their lords and masters, so oddly that Mr. Denny's plot ties itself up into the most puzzling knots before the play is half through. One of them, Norah, besides consoling herself with the company of a very foreign-speaking "Mr. Maxwell," smashes in a fit of jealousy the model of an invention which her husband has strangely forwarded to her for safe keeping. The other wife, Betty, drugs her friend's lover, passes him off as her husband, and plunges into a variety of adventures to save Norah from being compromised, only to find herself kidnapped aboard a yacht and

in dangerous case, were not her husband stowed away there and wireless apparatus handy. As for the model engine, it passes through as many hands as a famous "scrap of paper." The main fault of Mr. Denny's tale is that it is too confusing in its devices. Miss Iris Hoey makes much out of the part of Betty, and Mr. Cyril Raymond and Mr. Ion Swinley give her capital support.

The anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' School, Slough, is to be held in London on April 8, and this year's chairman is Mr. Duncan MacLeod. Since the inception of the school in 1803, 3600 children of deceased or distressed licensed victuallers have been educated, maintained, and clothed. The present building at Slough, acquired in 1921, stands in nine acres of pleasant ground, and generous modern facilities are provided for the mental and physical development of the children. The institution is proud of having obtained the patronage of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII., and our present Sovereign. This admirably conducted charity is one which commands the support of all interested in child welfare, and those who desire to contribute to the Festival Fund are invited to send their cheques to the President, c/o Mr. Duncan MacLeod, 14, Trinity Square, Mr. R. H. Bennett, 127, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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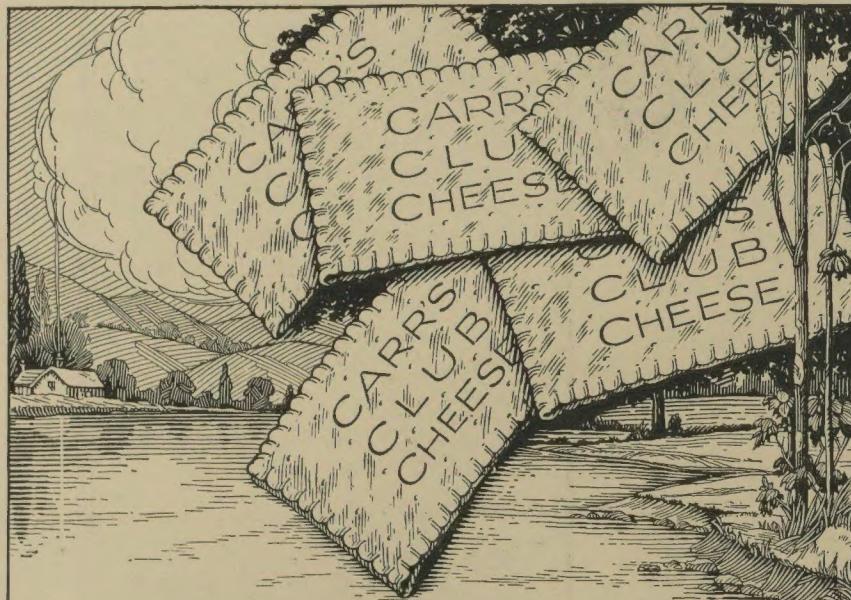
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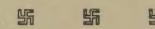
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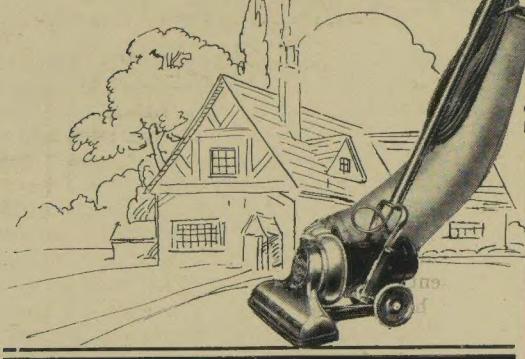
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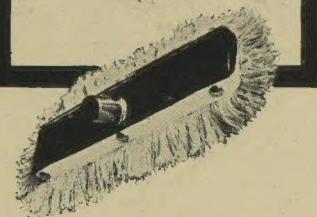
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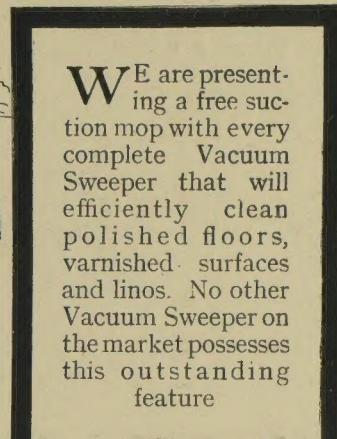


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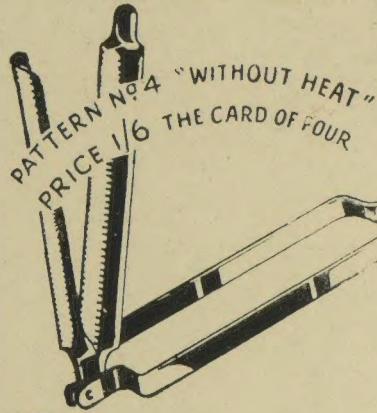
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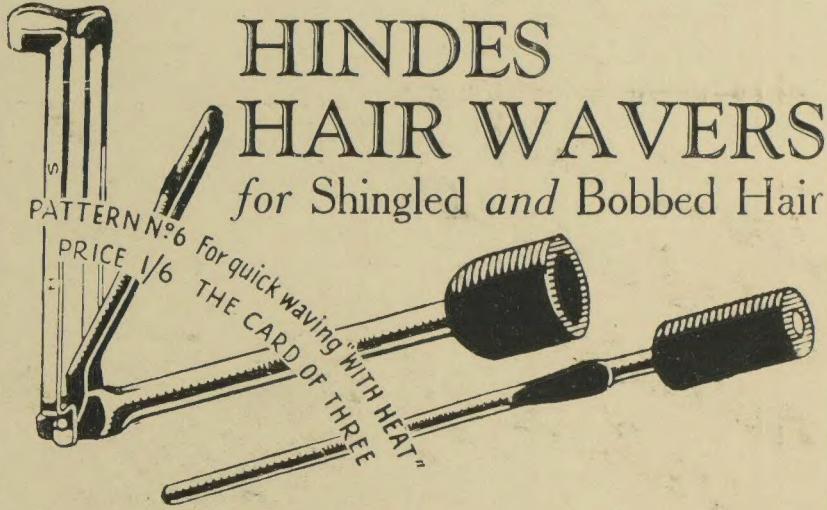
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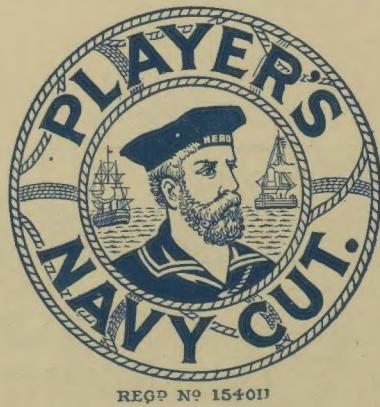
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